

# THE PROGRESSIVE

OCTOBER 1978 \$1.50

## The day the Bomb went off

Erwin Knoll and  
Theodore A. Postol



**It was a sunny morning in the Chicago Loop....**



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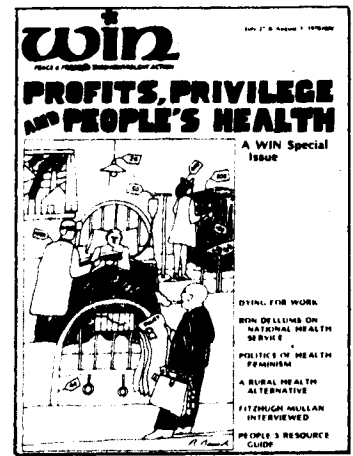
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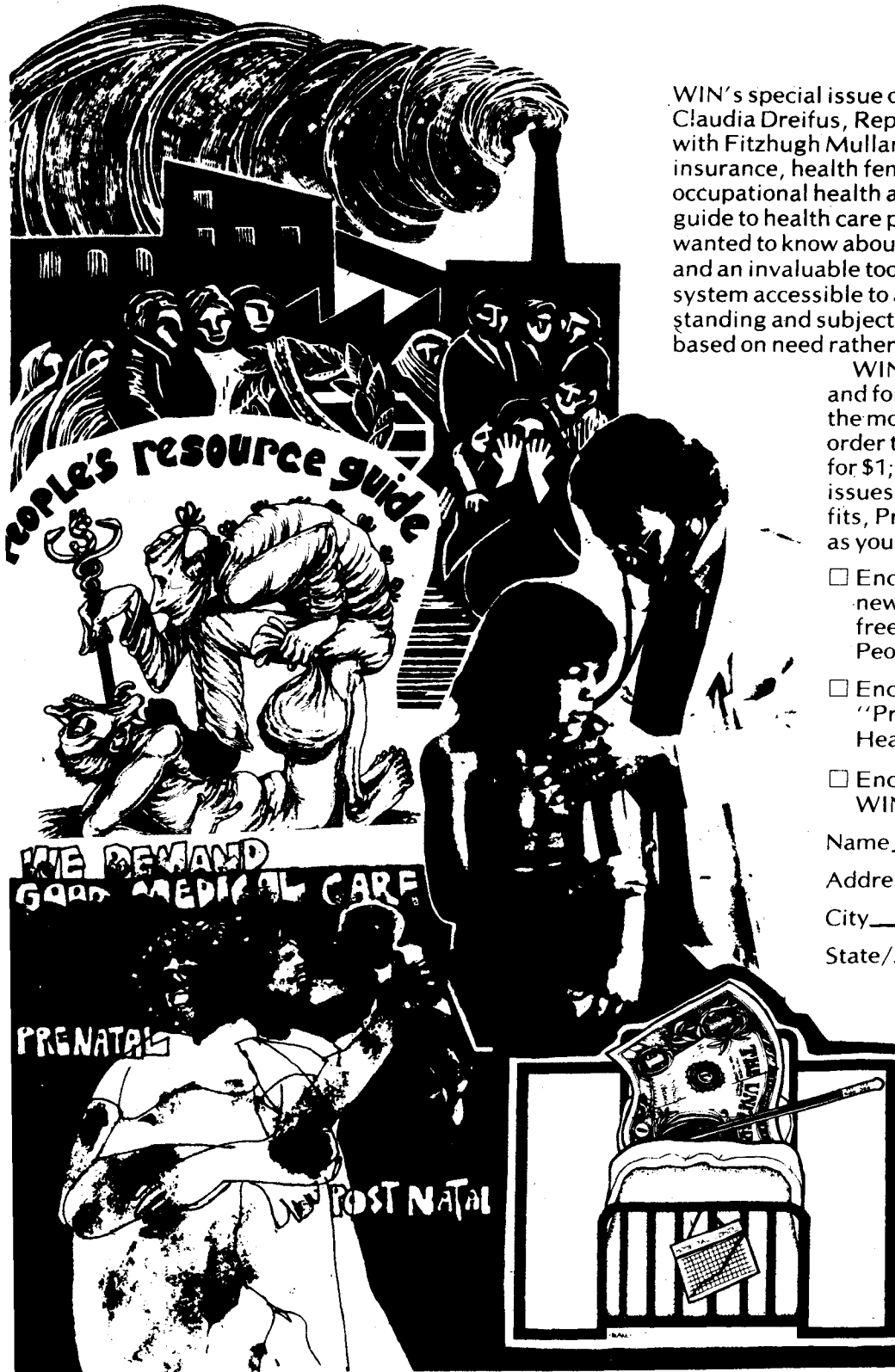
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# LETTERS

## Dissidence

Regarding "The Limits of Dissidence" in "Comment" (August 1978), I don't share your surprise that Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov wound up with tilted halos. I'm not disillusioned because I never shared your naive admiration for their exploits. Nor am I surprised that the American far right has claimed the renegades as their own.

They are tragic figures, though. The tragedy lies in the fact that their disaffection with their own state has been used by the baser elements of another state — ours — to increase tensions and promote the myth of U.S. benevolence in the world of nations.

Vietnam is too recent for a President of the United States to dare defile the principle of human rights by laying his hypocritical tongue on the phrase. And our chosen Soviet champions seem equally inadequate in that area.

Where does this leave *The Progressive*?  
Elgar Houghton  
Everett, Washington

## Picket lines

In your August 1978 issue, my first, I read with interest the Amato-Nass-Radzialowski story, "The Women of Willmar." My sympathies are with the embattled ladies, and I wish them all success.

But I was disturbed by the reference, in what I thought an otherwise objective account, to the women's learning "what sort of people cross picket lines." The implication might have been expected in the old *New Masses*, but is unworthy of any writer or editor whose views on labor disputes are to be taken seriously. The professors' clear assumption is that there are two sorts of people, one of whom will cross picket lines while the other will not; that the Bad Guys belong to the first group and the Good Guys to the second; and that in *all* strikes, the strikers are wholly right and the struck employers wholly wrong.

This is pure rubbish. I am "the sort of person" who crosses picket lines. I am also the sort of person who refuses to do so. I decide which sort of person to be, in any specific case, after studying the issues in that case.

In practice, I honor a good many more picket lines than I breach. But I do not forget that unions — and not just Big

Unions, either — can be just as dishonest, just as greedy, and just as ruthless as any private enterprise.

Digby Butler Whitman  
Wausau, Wisconsin

## Proposition 13

I take issue with your editorial comment, "Rebels Without a Cause," in the August issue.

Proposition 13 may have a lot of holes in it, as you pointed out, but it seems to be the only way our legislators and politicians will take any notice of the large numbers of middle-class citizens, reeling under the impact of property taxes. Since such a cutting back of the real property tax is imminent in Oregon and will probably be on the

November ballot, we are told to approach our legislators for relief. That is a laugh, because for many years we have appealed to them but absolutely nothing is done.

You never mention that the referendum as employed in California, or the initiative referendum here, is the only weapon the harassed owner or renter can employ to show he is sick and tired of being taxed out of his home.

I agree with you that our Federal tax is far too high, but we have no power to influence the Administration or Congress. The last two paragraphs of your comment show how little you think can be done; what you propose is a Utopia that can never be realized.

Margaret Mozzanini  
Portland, Oregon

(More letters on Page 61)

## Memo

"'Black Progress' Myth and Ghetto Reality," by Joel Dreyfuss, in the November 1977 issue of *The Progressive*, has been named the "best censored story of 1977" — that is, the story that most deserved, but failed to receive, prominent attention in the mass media.

Each year, researchers at Sonoma State College in California, assisted by a distinguished jury, select the "ten best censored stories." I.F. Stone has called Sonoma's Project Censored "one of the most significant media research projects currently being undertaken in this country."

In placing Joel Dreyfuss's article at the top of the 1977 list, Project Censored noted that his article documented that "most of the indices of poverty, illegitimacy, unemployment, and drug abuse in the black population that were a national scandal in the 1960s are worse now."

The researchers took the mass media to task for "failure ... to see the problems of blacks as an ongoing story."

At least half of the ten best censored stories of 1977 have received prominent attention in *The Progressive*. They include, in addition to Joel Dreyfuss's article:

The failure of the Federal Govern-

ment's "all-out war" on cancer ("The No-Win War Against Cancer," Albert L. Huebner, October 1977); Jimmy Carter and the Trilateral Commission ("Have Capitalism and Democracy Come to a Parting of the Ways?" Samuel Bowles, June 1977); the unresolved problem of decommissioning nuclear reactors ("A Landscape of Nuclear Tombs," Alexis Parks, December 1977), and the tactics used by baby formula manufacturers to push their products in underdeveloped nations ("Milking the Third World," Anthony Astrachan, July 1976).

The jurors who named the top ten stories were: Shana Alexander, writer and commentator; Ben H. Bagdikian, writer and professor of journalism; Shirley Chisholm, member of Congress; Noam Chomsky, writer and professor of linguistics; Robert Cirino, teacher and author of books on the mass media; Nicholas Johnson, former member of the Federal Communications Commission and head of the National Citizens Communications Lobby; Victor Marchetti, writer and lecturer; Jack L. Nelson, professor of education and author; J.F. terHorst, syndicated columnist, and Sheila Rabb Weidenfeld, author and television moderator.



# THE PROGRESSIVE

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# Ovens in the making

**T**he awesome new weapon that burst upon the world a third of a century ago brought birth as well as death — the birth of a realization that humanity could no longer tolerate the possibility of total war.

That realization flickered brightly but briefly in the postwar years. The funeral pyres of Hiroshima and Nagasaki illuminated the vision of a world that might somehow be safeguarded against the ultimate weapon. People spoke hopefully of a new world order. But even as they spoke, governments — led by our own — turned to the making of new atomic bombs.

Public awareness of the horrible dangers confronting us in the atomic age has been dwindling since then. Today it is almost gone. If that consciousness dies, the human experiment itself may soon follow — and with it, much of our planet. We are at the edge of the abyss.

The three articles beginning on Page 16 of this issue represent an attempt to rekindle the embers of dread, outrage, and hope. Dread over what the Bomb will surely do when it is put to the test. Outrage over the way we have allowed it to warp us as a people, propelling us toward the inexorable destruction of ourselves and others. Hope that our country and our world can be reclaimed even at this late hour.

“The Day the Bomb Went Off” is a clinical description of the aftermath of a twenty-megaton nuclear explosion over Chicago — one of many likely locales for the carnage of atomic war. It restores the flesh and blood now missing from the antiseptic abstractions of strategists and policy makers, journalists and academicians who give currency to such desiccated terms as “nuclear options,” “flexible response,” “limited first strike,” and similar verbiage from which the last drops of reality have been wrung.

There can be no defense for Chicago or any other city in the event of nuclear war. Nor does it matter much whether the weapon is a superbomb or one of the tens of thousands of others, large and small, trained on targets around the world. Once the nuclear tinderbox is ignited, Chicago will be but a tiny speck in the destruction. That city’s agony will be only a symptom of an infinitely greater paroxysm.

“The Nicest People Make the Bomb” is a way of reminding ourselves that the people of Chicago, Warsaw, Southampton and other cities will not be the victims of some mad, monstrous, secret conspiracy. If the world is destroyed, it will be with weapons designed by talented, respected, well-meaning scientists and engineers. New models of the weapons roll off the assembly lines of the same companies that make telephones and washing machines. Today the country accepts this as a proper function of American industrial know-how — or it simply looks the other way; tomorrow it may be too late to be appalled.

“The Neutron Bomb Lives After All” reflects current realities in the politics of nuclear weapons. President Carter and his bomb-makers have found a way to produce new forms of weaponry even in the face of public revulsion. Caught off guard by last year’s political furor over a new warhead that kills people while minimizing property damage, the weaponeers are preparing some sleight-of-hand that will, for all practical purposes, enable them to produce the neutron bomb without actually seeming to do so. Their success in this stratagem would be another reminder that, even in small things, the system brooks no challenge.

**I**n the predawn of the atomic age, the world recoiled at the discovery of the ovens that a sophisticated and cultured society had built and used for the extermination of its imagined enemy. Now it is we who are preparing ovens — for friend and foe alike, and for ourselves.

This revolting prospect is an inevitable consequence of the system we have developed for the defense of our “national security” — a system for which we, too, have erected an elaborate rationale. We call it Deterrence or Strategic Balance or a hundred other names, yet it is designed not to be looked at but to be used. Its purpose is human extermination.

If there is a difference between the ovens that shocked us in an earlier time and those we ourselves have devised, it is mainly one of scale. And if our efforts result in the ultimate holocaust that now seems in the making, we will have been the architects.



## Solar boondoggle

Last May 3 was Sun Day, and millions of people in the United States and thirty-one other countries took part in teach-ins, energy fairs, and conferences to express their support for decentralized solar energy.

Labor leaders talked about how solar energy creates safe, secure jobs (an annual potential for 400,000 in California alone). Consumers talked about how solar energy can put an end to rising utility bills, with a simultaneous decrease in the inflation rate. Ecologists talked about how solar energy can produce a cleaner environment. And citizen activists and conservatives talked about how solar energy can foster energy self-sufficiency and independence from utilities, multinational corporations, and international cartels. Together they stated that the transition to a solar era is technically feasible, economically sound, socially desirable, and environmentally attractive.

But while millions were celebrating small-scale solar applications, some of the country's largest corporations were devising a solar campaign of their own — with alarming success. On May 3, the House Science and Technology Committee ironically voted a four-fold increase — to \$25 million — in Government spending on the solar satellite.

"Sunsat," as the seventy-two square-mile (larger than Manhattan) solar satellite is called, would beam microwave radiation down to huge reception and relay stations on Earth. Its supporters like to point out that there is no night out in space, and that a single space station could produce almost twice the output of the Grand Coulee Dam. Its critics con-

tend that the microwaves are harmful, that the \$60 billion pricetag is too high, and that the energy required to build and launch the satellite would exceed the amount it could produce for many years. But more important, the solar satellite is yet another centralized technology that gives power to a few.

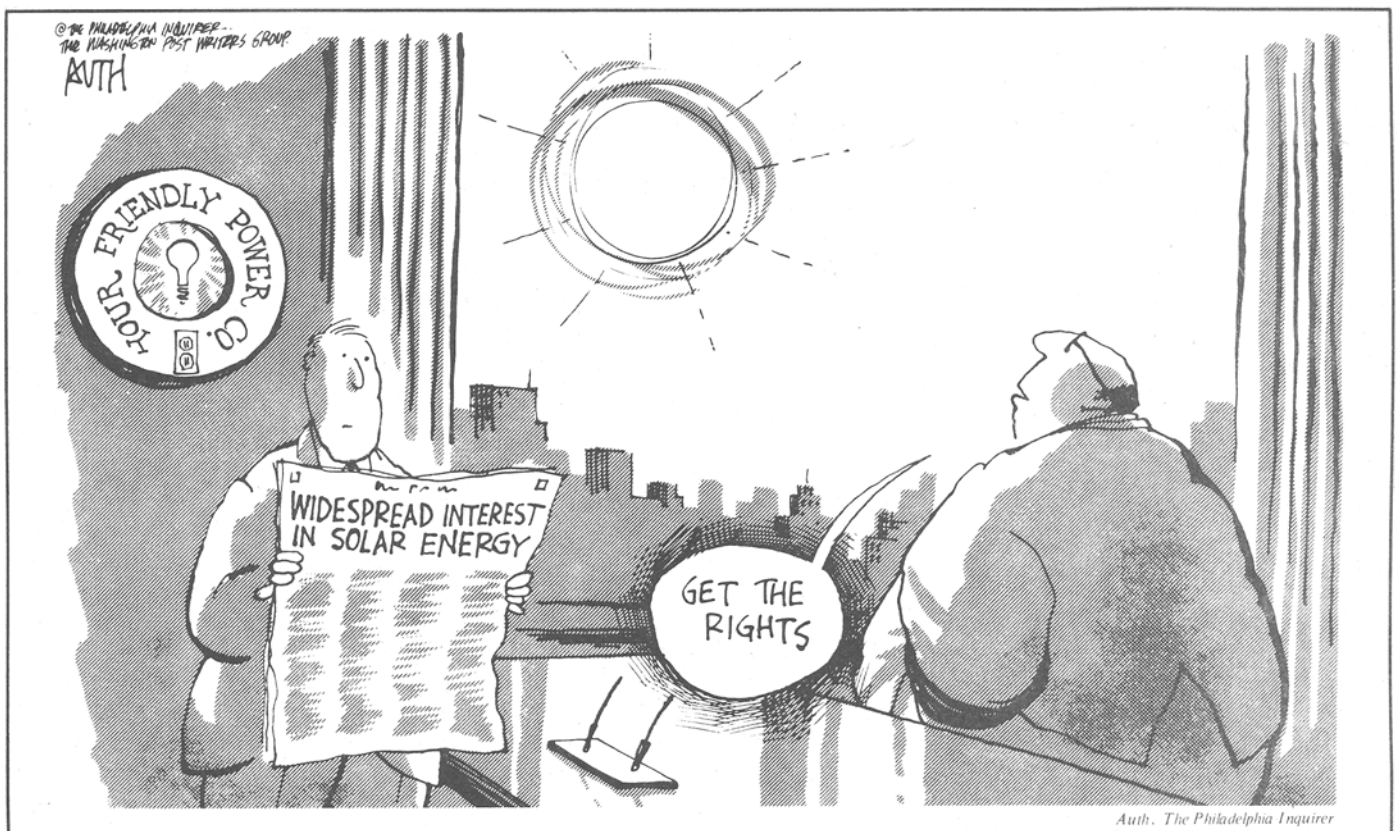
Several giant corporations, realizing Sunsats' profit potential, have been lobbying Congress since the early 1970s for huge subsidies to cover their initial satellite investments. Earlier this year, the Sunsats Energy Council was created to coordinate the sophisticated lobbying campaign. Its members read like a who's who of space and power industries, including Boeing Aerospace, Lockheed, McDonnell-Douglas, General Electric, Westinghouse, and Martin Marietta.

The Council effectively uses the pro-solar sentiment advanced by Sun Day, as well as traditional lobbying practices. Rockwell International, for example, has already contributed campaign funds to five of the twelve sponsors of the satellite bill. Most of the other sponsors have large aerospace firms in their home districts.

Although the \$25 million allocation passed the House of Representatives, it faces tough going in the Senate Energy Committee, which has a tight schedule for the rest of the session. Decentralized solar advocates are pushing to postpone the hearings, allowing more time to expose the solar satellite bill for what it is — the beginning of another giant boondoggle for the large aerospace and power industries.

— RICHARD MUNSON

(Richard Munson is the coordinator of Sun Day.)



## Greasing the nuclear skids

With a green light from the Federal agency that is supposed to protect the environment, the nuclear industry has called up its bulldozers again at Seabrook, New Hampshire, thereby teaching Americans another painful lesson about the pitfalls of the regulatory process. And there may be more lessons to come.

Seabrook is where the Public Service Co. of New Hampshire has been trying for years to build a 2,300-megawatt nuclear power plant and where the local citizenry, with outside help, has been trying to stop it. The intensity of the confrontation has made Seabrook the focus of national debate over the future of nuclear power in the United States.

The project epitomizes the growing determination of the industry and its governmental promoters to meet their energy production targets through nuclear power regardless of cost and risk and regardless of rising public concern over the social, economic, and environmental implications of their efforts.

For a brief time this summer, the industry suffered a significant setback at Seabrook — or so it seemed to the organizers of a protest rally which drew some 20,000 people to the Atlantic coastal community. (See "Seabrook: A Turning Point," by Stephen Zunes, in the September issue.) Just a few days after the rally, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) suspended the construction license pending further study by the Environmental Protection Agency. The decision appeared to vindicate hopes that the mobilizing of public opinion might inspire the regulators to take a tougher stand.

But then, barely a month after construction had ceased, the NRC gave the go-ahead again, armed with an EPA ruling that — despite what common sense and expert testimony suggest — hot liquid from Seabrook's discharge pipes would have no noticeable effect on fish, shellfish, and other aquatic life in the chilly coastal waters.

Considering the cooperative attitude of the EPA, the nuclear promoters would seem to have little to fear from the challenges of environmentalists. But even what presently passes for environmental protection is in renewed jeopardy, as are other meager safeguards of the regulatory process.

The Carter Administration is pushing a bill that would put the primary authority for deciding environmental issues in nuclear licensing cases into the more pliant hands of the states. The bill would also defuse environmental concerns by

permitting utilities to select possible construction sites long in advance of construction and get them approved by the states before deciding when, where, or even whether to build. By the time a particular location was decided upon, environmental questions would have been foreclosed.

Along with advance site selection goes the concept of standardized design. The Administration's new licensing bill would authorize the NRC to certify a few standard reactor models as basically safe and sound, thereby disposing of questions now being raised by intervenors all around the country. John O'Leary, deputy secretary of energy, put the notion succinctly in a recent interview on the Public Broadcasting System's *MacNeill/Lehrer Report*:

"What we have to do is narrow down the options and get this down to something like Detroit does, where there are a few fundamental designs with all sorts of nice things on the side...."

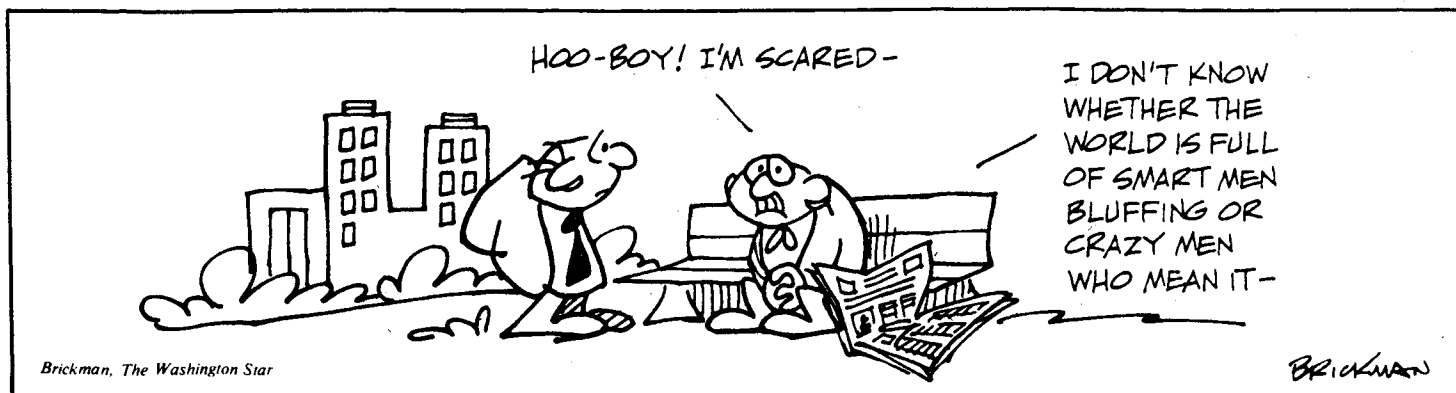
The bill has been touted as a way of streamlining the regulatory process and thus reducing the time it takes to get a nuclear plant off the drawing board, which now averages ten to twelve years. But repeated studies show that licensing challenges have been among the least significant causes of delay. The real intention is not to smooth out the administrative kinks but to grease the political skids.

The crumbling of protective safeguards, as illustrated by EPA's ruling in the Seabrook case, and the Administration's efforts to erode them further, may foreshadow tactics still to come in the movement to saddle the country with more nuclear power. Public confidence in the nuclear regulatory system will continue to be misplaced until the willing capitulation of the regulators can be reversed. It will take renewed manifestations of public outrage — at Seabrook and many other places — to accomplish that.

## The Dirty Dozen

Congratulations are in order for Senators Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina — the first members of the U.S. Senate to be named to the Dirty Dozen, a list of legislators the lobbying group Environmental Action has targeted for defeat at the polls this fall.

The Senators, whose voting records on environmental





legislation have been among the worst in the Ninety-fifth Congress, share their dubious distinction with Representatives William Armstrong of Colorado, Garry Brown of Michigan, Samuel Devine of Ohio, Willis Gradison Jr. of Ohio, George Hansen of Idaho, Jerry Huckaby of Louisiana, John Myers of Indiana, Ted Risenhoover of Oklahoma, Ray Roberts of Texas, and Jamie Whitten of Mississippi.

Members of this elite group were chosen for their poor environmental voting records, their seniority on Congressional committees responsible for environmental legislation, the presence of strong challengers in their districts or states, and interest of local environmentalists in working to unseat an incumbent.

According to the Dirty Dozen Campaign, the political committee of Environmental Action, "An amendment to the Clean Air Act postponing compliance deadlines for auto emissions for four years and permitting nitrogen oxide emission levels to increase by 500 per cent passed with the concurrence of all Dirty Dozen Congressmen. Similarly, their ten votes helped to pass an amendment to the Federal Water Pollution Control Act allowing the destruction of wetlands and deferring clean-up deadlines for industrial and municipal polluters.

"None of the Dirty Dozen supported an amendment to the Surface Mining Control and Reclamation Act to limit new stripmining in alluvial valleys in the West.... When President Carter proposed a reduction in costly and environmentally damaging water projects, six Dirty Dozen members voted funds to continue these 'pork-barrel,' inflationary projects."

After such a prodigious and public-spirited effort, these members of Congress deserve all the publicity they can get. We wish them success at the polls fully commensurate with their new honor.

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## Foreign aid for the rich

It is time once again for the annual exercise in irrelevancy known as the foreign aid debate. How much should the United States spend to assist less favored nations?

The Carter Administration, like its predecessors, is calling on Americans to be "generous." The President noted recently that this country devotes less than three-tenths of 1 per cent of its gross national product to foreign aid, a proportion exceeded by many other industrialized nations.

And the critics are arguing now, as they have since the beginning of the program some thirty years ago, that America can ill afford foreign "giveaways." They are calling for cuts in food assistance and in U.S. contributions to such multilateral agencies as the World Bank.

If it were primarily a moral question of whether and how much the richest nation on earth ought to give to its poorer neighbors, there would be no doubt that the United States could and should provide more than the \$7.3-billion proposed this year. Considering the desperate condition of the world's one billion poor, we should be doing all we can to help.

The

help the poor. Its benefits flow instead to the rich and powerful in this country and abroad.

A recent investigation by James Boyce and Betsy Hartman for the Fund for Peace identified the real beneficiaries of a substantial World Bank assistance program in Bangladesh. The money, supposedly to help the rural poor, went into 3,000 irrigation pumps of a kind which could be used only by the country's largest farmers. Profits from the irrigation improvements enabled the owners to buy up smaller farms and hold the land for speculative purposes or put it into luxury crops for export to the West.

The Bangladesh case is not unique. American aid in support of the "Green Revolution" in Asia and Latin America has consolidated many peasant farms into larger land holdings, enriching local elites and the agribusiness firms with which they deal.

Along with entrenched agricultural and urban interests in the poorer nations, the principal beneficiaries of foreign aid have been U.S.-controlled multinational corporations. They benefit from Congressional stipulations that most of the foreign aid orders must be placed in the United States, and they benefit from the sustenance which foreign aid gives to such despots as Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines, who can provide them with low-wage, low-tax manufacturing havens.

Rather than helping elevate the poor, foreign aid mainly helps keep them down, providing, as President Carter put it recently, "a peaceful way to meet the challenge of alien philosophies, communism, and so forth."

If that continues to be the real purpose of foreign aid, then let it be debated and decided as a program to pay for repression of the world's poor by foreign and domestic fatcats. But if foreign aid is to have the humanitarian purpose that its backers claim, then let it take the form of assistance which will help the poor through an appropriate restructuring of economic and political power.

The essential ingredients of such a program would be political, not financial. But this isn't the kind of assistance that either the Administration or its foreign aid critics have in mind, and so the foreign aid debate is likely to remain what it has always been — an annual exchange of piety and penury.

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## Add it to the bill

American taxpayers long ago were conned into picking up the tab for plant construction, for research, for guaranteed profits, and even for the lobbying efforts of military contractors. Now they are being told they must also help pay for their lawsuits — including lawsuits designed to keep the taxpayers from knowing what else they may be paying for.

That word comes in the form of a Pentagon letter to Senator William Proxmire, Wisconsin Democrat, who challenged the awarding of legal expenses to Martin Marietta for the costs of a libel suit that had been dismissed in court. The company, the nation's twenty-third largest military contractor, had objected to a news article alleging that it had provided prostitutes at a party attended by Pentagon officials.

If the company proved libel, it would have collected its

costs from the defendants (*The Washington Star*, Capitol Hill News Service, and the former director of the news service, Peter Gruenstein). But it didn't win, and so it asked the Government to share the costs. The Pentagon obliged.

Dale Church, deputy undersecretary of defense for acquisition policy, told Proxmire that libel suits are not on the list of legal actions for which reimbursement of costs is specifically prohibited. "All other costs of legal services incurred in the ordinary conduct of the contractor's business are allowable where reasonable in nature and amount," he explained.

So, barring a reversal by Pentagon auditors, Martin Marietta will get its reimbursement, estimated at \$30,000 to \$60,000, for throwing legal brickbats at reporters. That may seem reasonable to the Pentagon, but it isn't to the people who must pay for it.

—LEON S. REED

*(Leon S. Reed is a staff member of the Senate Banking Committee.)*

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## Pan Am's colony

Pan American World Airways netted \$45 million on a gross of \$1.6 billion last year, and now the 31,000 residents of the oldest U.S. overseas territory know how Pan Am does it.

The method: Cutting out service.

The 31,000 people live in American Samoa, six islands midway between Los Angeles and Sydney, Australia.

After six years of competition with American Airlines in the South Pacific, Pan Am made a deal in 1975 under which it became the exclusive U.S. airline in the South Pacific. In return, Pan Am gave up its Caribbean routes to American Airlines.

But last year American Samoa's representatives sided with Continental Airlines in Continental's plea to the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) for a route to Australia and New Zealand, competing with Pan Am. In mid-1977 the CAB awarded Continental its South Pacific route and President Carter upheld the award.

Pan Am, which had been running four round-trips a week between Hawaii and American Samoa, cut back to three on November 1. On February 1 of this year, Pan Am reduced its service to two round-trips a week despite the appeal of the newly elected American Samoa Governor, Peter T. Coleman, in Washington. And the flights are scheduled at weird hours: 2:30 a.m. Mondays and Wednesdays to Honolulu, 5:35 a.m. Tuesdays and Saturdays from Honolulu. There's talk Pan Am may even cut back to one round-trip a week.

Officials in the State Department, the Interior Department's Office of Territories, and the CAB agree Pan Am is "punishing" American Samoa for siding with Continental in the South Pacific route case.

"Nonsense," says Pan Am's Washington lobbyist, John Krinsky. "The number of flights was reduced because the traffic didn't warrant the service American Samoa traditionally got."

Further, asks Krinsky, why doesn't Continental serve American Samoa now, as it could under the CAB award?

The answer is that the State Department is having trouble negotiating landing rights for Continental in Australia. The Australians, unhappy about new competition for their Qantas airline, say they're working on a "new policy" on landing rights. That means Continental won't be able to fly Down Under until year's end. And Pan Am, which now has a full schedule of profitable non-stop flights from the U.S. West Coast to Sydney, hopes the landing rights negotiations drag on longer.

So American Samoa's 31,000 U.S. nationals, who depend on tourism and two tuna canning plants for their livelihoods, find themselves pretty well cut off. They built a jet airport in the early 1960s in anticipation of better service, and for a while got five and six flights weekly from the United States. They wanted competitive airlines to improve their mail service and tourist potential.

Now they find themselves treated like a Nineteenth Century colony, which is what U.S. Navy Commander Richard Meade might have had in mind when he sailed into Pago Pago Harbor in 1872 and negotiated an agreement with High Chief Manga for exclusive U.S. rights there. It's not what the American Samoans have in mind after more than a century of U.S. stewardship.

—WILLIAM STEIF

*(William Steif is a Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.)*

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## Reefer madness

There hasn't been a case of reefer madness like it since one Michigan state representative hit another on the head with an ashtray while calling him a pot smoker. For weeks every Washington reporter worth his salt has been sniffing out cocaine tales or trying to prove that where there is smoke in Government there is marijuana. While it seems unlikely that we will have a Potgate, the Dr. Peter Bourne affair has moved from an investigation into his medical conduct to a snoop into the personal conduct of the entire White House staff.

For my own taste, there is something unseemly about the notion of media people sharing with their sources one night and reporting on them the next morning. Talk about your smoke-and-snitch journalism. But we are not only witnessing a double standard between acceptable off-duty behavior for politicians and journalists; we have here another example of people caught in the double, triple, quadruple standards of what passes for a national drug policy.

We live in a country where any twenty-one-year-old can drink himself or herself to death, but where a terminal cancer patient can't legally get heroin to alleviate the most inhuman kind of pain. We live in a never-never land where pot is illegal but not necessarily criminal. In one state you can smoke it but cannot grow it. In another state you can possess a little of it but not a lot. You can get fined for smoking it here and



thrown in jail for it there. But at no time will you have difficulty finding a law-abiding druggist who sells E-Z Wider papers between the Pampers and the aspirin.

In the past several years we have come up with only one rational trend — a compromise between legalizing pot and criminalizing pot smokers. This compromise — decriminalization — has already been adopted in ten states in various forms, and pot-smoking is slowly becoming in law what it has been in effect: a private matter.

But the recent events in Washington have worked against this trend in a destructive way. The Carter Administration, which supports decriminalization, has been forced to take a hard line toward its own personnel. In fact, the only thing accomplished by this aggressive waving of the double standard is retreat. As one of the Carter staffers put it, "If you think we were clannish before, you ain't seen nothing yet."

— ELLEN GOODMAN

*(Ellen Goodman is a regular commentator on the CBS Radio "Spectrum" series.)*

## Taxes: still a disgrace

President Carter has urged the Senate to "correct some basic errors" in the tax cut bill approved by the House of Representatives, but it seems certain that whatever measure finally emerges to be signed into law will preserve the inequities that once prompted Carter to characterize our tax system as a disgrace. In some respects, the tax system will be even more disgraceful as a result of this year's "reforms."

Only a few months ago, the Democratic Congress was considering proposals to eliminate the tax-deductible "three-martini lunch" and to trim the substantial tax shelters enjoyed by foreign subsidiaries of U.S. multi-national corporations. But today's emphasis, from the White House down to the smallest village council, is not on tax reform but on tax reduction — and especially on providing business with "incentives" for expansion.

The \$16.3 billion tax cut passed by the House would reduce individual taxes by \$10.4 billion, corporate taxes by about \$4 billion, and capital gains taxes by about \$2 billion. Some 75 per cent of the bill's benefits will accrue to those who enjoy annual incomes of \$20,000 or more. Though some of the specifics may change in the pending Senate version, the overall effect will be the same.

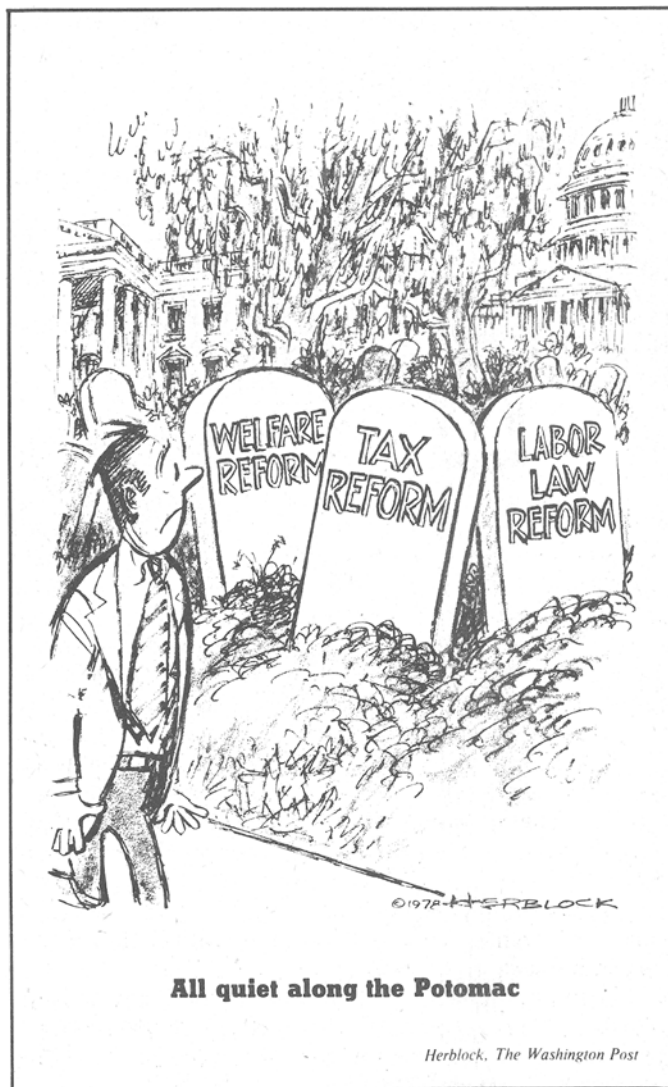
Why does every attempt at tax "reform" ultimately produce new benefits for business and the wealthy? To blame the power and influence of the rich over politicians of both major parties does not quite suffice. In our economy the "incentives" argument carries great weight even with some who are genuinely committed to a more equitable system of taxation. Reporting on the results of several opinion polls, Clyde Farnsworth recently wrote in *The New York Times* that much of the public "is now identifying an improved business climate with its own well being in terms of more jobs, reduced inflation, and lower taxes."

Economic growth has always depended on high rates of

capital investment. It is not surprising, then, that as our economic crisis becomes more apparent, demands for "incentives" fall on ever more receptive ears. Even Carter's original tax proposals, rejected by the House and long since abandoned by the Administration, contained provisions to liberalize the investment tax credit and reduce corporate income taxes. Today's argument is only over what forms the "incentives" should take.

Unfortunately, however, even a more regressive tax system will provide no assurance of resumed economic growth or reduced unemployment. Corporate investment prospects are affected by a number of variables, and we can expect business to hold out not only for tax breaks but for a more favorable regulatory climate on such matters as job safety and environmental protection. Furthermore, new investment may well be channeled toward intensified automation or overseas relocation of jobs.

Genuine tax reform, like so many of the other reforms our society requires, awaits the creation of a political movement that can compel economic decisions based on meeting human needs rather than corporate profit goals.



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## The asbestos menace

This month the U.S. Government begins an unprecedented effort to track down more than one million current and former asbestos workers. Social Security recipients will receive, along with their monthly check, information about asbestos exposure, symptoms of asbestos-related diseases, and specific recommendations to be followed by physicians in diagnosing the results of contact with asbestos. Similar information will go to retired military personnel. A hot line number (800-636-6694) has been set up.

The latency period for cancer caused by exposure to asbestos may extend up to thirty-five years or more, according to Dr. Irving Selikoff, director of the Environmental Sciences Laboratory at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City. One especially vulnerable group consists of more than a million men and women who worked at naval shipyards during World War II; one third to one half of them may die of cancer.

But the risk ranges far beyond the workplace: In a special report from the Environmental Cancer Research Project, Selikoff and Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, a vice president of the American Cancer Society, have noted, "Risk extends even to individuals not employed in an asbestos-contaminated environment; mesothelioma [an extremely rare form of cancer in the general population] has been found among family contacts of asbestos workers residing in the same household, as well as among people living within a quarter of a mile or so of asbestos plants or other facilities which have used asbestos-containing materials."

Experts now suspect that asbestos, like lead, may be a ubiquitous pollutant in our unrestrained industrial society. In one affluent Maryland suburb, county roads and an elementary school playground were paved with crushed rock containing asbestos. Colombian cement containing asbestos was imported into Puerto Rico some years ago and was used to build more than 2,500 homes and 600 schools for the poor. A New York state occupational safety inspector recently identified asbestos in the ceiling tile of her office.

Charley Ay, a business agent for Local 20 of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers, has been working with asbestos in the navy's Long Beach shipyards since 1960. There were no protective clothes or masks when he began, and today he can't breathe through a mask; eighteen years of working with asbestos have left him with 30 per cent lung damage. Ay cannot leave his job for a safer one because, as he says, "I am basically unemployable in the state of California. According to their worker compensation law, the employer who had you for the last twelve months is responsible for your compensation." Ay is thirty-eight years old, and he asks, "What am I supposed to do for the rest of my life?" Local 20 estimates that 35 per cent of the Long Beach shipyard workers are affected by lung disease.

Industry and government experts are trying to establish a "permissible" exposure level for asbestos workers. Sheldon Samuels of the Industrial Union Department, AFL-CIO, argues that there is no permissible level, and that the workers are being "selected for sacrifice." He expects the Government alert on asbestos to be the beginning "of massive legal

action giving us, for the first time, an indication of the billions of dollars of costs of occupational illness."

Federal Judge Miles Lord of Minnesota, who handed down important rulings against the dumping of asbestos tailings into Lake Superior only to be reversed in the higher courts, has called for "a little public hysteria" against asbestos pollution. His call deserves to be heard.

—LEA ZELDIN

(Lea Zeldin, a free-lance writer in Madison, Wisconsin, specializes in problems of health care.)

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## Blowing smoke

In *American Gold*, a novel written almost forty years ago but published only recently, the principal character observes that "the American people...are a bunch of saps that would smoke rat poison or bathe in chicken shit if you spent enough money advertising it." James Buchanan "Buck" Duke and his corporate heirs, the prototypes for *American Gold*, did exactly that for the tobacco industry in general and the cigarette business in particular: In a continuous line, from photographs of "scantly clad" 1890s beauties tucked into the packages through to billboards to radio and television, they have always used the latest and most sophisticated means of mass marketing to get people to smoke. By the time the U.S. Supreme Court ordered the breakup of Buck Duke's tobacco monopoly, which covered all of the United States and half of the world markets, millions of Americans had become addicted to nicotine.

On August 5, 1978, President Carter flew to Wilson, North Carolina, to view a tobacco auction and express the opinion that "all citizens want to have an accurate and enlightened education program and research program to make the smoking of tobacco even more safe than it is today." That same day, the American Medical Association released the results of a fourteen-year, \$15 million study, underwritten by the tobacco industry, confirming the Surgeon General's report that cigarette smoking is, as each package warns, "dangerous to your health."

Sophistry and semantics notwithstanding, neither Buck Duke nor Jimmy Carter got where they did in life by telling the American people the hard, unvarnished truth all of the time.

Carter's trip to North Carolina, according to the Democratic National Committee and the state committee, was a frankly "political" one. John Ingram, like Carter a non-smoker, is the Democratic candidate for a U.S. Senate seat this year. Like most other North Carolina politicians, he sounds as if he were running against Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Joseph Califano and Califano's ardent opposition to cigarette smoking. Like Carter (who appointed and continues to support Secretary Califano), all of the politicians finesse the health issue and emphasize how unfair any cutbacks in tobacco subsidies would be to tobacco farmers, many of whom are small landholders and about half of whom are black.

But much if not all of this rhetoric has perpetrated a cruel



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fraud on precisely the farmers and factory workers whose interests the politicians pretend to protect. A North Carolina survey has found a larger incidence of lung cancer — even among non-smokers — in those counties where the main agricultural crop is tobacco and the main manufactured product is cigarettes.

Politicians should be talking sense to the working people of North Carolina and the other tobacco-producing states. They should be saying, "We must all begin to search for a gradual, long-term solution to this problem so that we can find alternative forms of economic survival before it is too late."

The Duke family, its own American Tobacco Company, and the industry as a whole have over the years done much for the state of North Carolina and its people. The family has built one great university, which bears its name, and through the Duke Endowment today supports many other colleges, hospitals, and worthy causes. Buck Duke's fortune in tobacco enabled him to earn yet another by providing — through the power company which bears his name — electricity to the people of the Carolinas. This summer, largely through the efforts and generosity of the Liggett Group, makers of L & M cigarettes, the prestigious American Dance Festival began a summer residence in Durham.

But this largesse, stained as it is with nicotine, is neither sufficient reparation for the decades of death, nor sufficient excuse for the continuing hazards of smoking. The habit is simply too costly, and it is about time for the political leadership to own up to that fact.

— MARK PINSKY

*(Mark Pinsky, a North Carolina-based free-lance writer, has just begun a year's study as a Sloan Fellow in Economics Journalism at the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton University.)*

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## Friends of the FBI

Mailboxes all over America are cluttered these days with communiques from an outfit that calls itself the Ad Hoc Citizens' Legal Defense Fund for the FBI, whose letterhead is graced by the names of former Senator James L. Buckley, former Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce, and former Secretary of the Treasury William B. Simon.

The Fund's stated purpose is "to help FBI men cover the enormous legal costs required to fight the various actions brought against them by our own Government and by individuals and leftist organizations who press civil actions against them."

One of the Fund's urgent appeals arrived a few days ago, addressed to *The Progressive* and opening with these words:

"Your generous support of our Fund indicates your deep concern with the concerted effort to destroy the intelligence-gathering, anti-terrorist, and law-enforcement capabilities of the FBI."

From which we can only conclude that the Fund compiles its mailing lists with the same scrupulous care the FBI lavishes on its dossiers.

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## NO COMMENT

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### Frontiers of free enterprise

Northwestern Bell Telephone now offers its midwestern subscribers the opportunity to place toll calls to New York City for a recorded horoscope prepared by astrologer Jeane Dixon. There's a different long-distance number for each sign of the zodiac.

### Good morning, Captain

The annual "distinguished communicator" award of the University of Texas School of Communication, presented in the past to Walter Cronkite, Bill Moyers, and Nicholas Johnson, went this year to Captain Kangaroo.

### Sign of the times

Billboards in Ireland, of all places, proclaim "Black is Beautiful" — a slogan for Guinness dark beer.

### Perpetual motion

A statement by Interior Secretary Cecil D. Andrus is released with the heading, "Andrus invites public participation in planning for more public participation."

### Quality control

Responding to a suggestion by Representative Les Aspin, Wisconsin Democrat, that the armed services enlist more "dummies" to perform menial tasks, a subscriber wrote to *Air Force Times*: "I would think most of the people already enlisted are dumb enough to satisfy the most stringent standards for stupidity."

### Moscow gold

The Ogilvy & Mather direct-mail advertising firm in New York City is mounting a two-year, \$3.5 million campaign to sell 1980 Moscow Olympics commemorative coins in the United States. The coins are minted by Numinter B.V., owned jointly by Occidental Petroleum and the Paris banking house of Lazard Freres.

### Keep the air pure

Business executives who do their traveling on expense accounts are grumbling about recent reductions in air fares, says *Texas Business* magazine, because now "the planes are packed with hordes of noisy, scruffy tourist types."

### The pause that refreshes

Consumer protests have compelled Coca-Cola Ltd. of Toronto to withdraw a Fresca commercial featuring music from the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel's *Messiah*.

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## Reviving a rip-off

**I**t isn't as if we hadn't been there already, and recently, too — well within the memory of most legislators, Cabinet members, and middle-to-upper-level civil servants. We've been there all right: We've watched careers and a few lives destroyed by carelessness, unscrupulousness, and a lust for publicity. We've seen the best of America imperiled and injured. We've endured the rise to erratic power and unpredictable influence of really unspeakable corner-cutters, opportunists, and just plain crooks.

Despite that record and its freshness in memory, the country seems to be moving gradually toward re-creation of an apparatus to whomp up public hysteria over opinions and words of citizens absolutely protected by the Constitution. In short, there is a move to revive the House Internal Security Committee.

**T**he proposed revival is not put forward as part of the jobs program to provide employment for thieves, embezzlers, chiselers, and other petty crooks otherwise unable to find proper scope for their talents. Rather, it is advanced as a serious effort to cope with the possible threat of political terrorism in this country of the kind that has manifested itself in the Middle East and Europe. Political terrorism "could happen here," says one of the revivalists, North Carolina's Representative L.H. Fountain.

Political terrorism, no doubt, could happen here. So could the plague, an invasion of giant ants, the return of the glaciers, and the burial of the country in moondust. Since these things could happen, perhaps there should be Congressional committees to think about them, hear testimony, and write legislation dealing with the dread possibility. Or, since none of these things seems remotely imminent and since a fundamental principle of political wisdom is, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it," we might just shelve the whole idea until there is some sort of rationale for it. Then we can examine once again how insane it is even when there seems to be a reason.

One remarkable aspect of the political terror in Europe and the Middle East is, in fact, that it has not been imported here. Surely there are still plenty of kooks in the country and they, like everyone else, have access to the newspapers and television reports. Yet nothing faintly resembling the Baader-

Meinhof gang, the Red Brigades, or the PLO has found an American expression.

This suggests that our kooks are finding more rewarding ways to be kooky. It suggests we may be growing up politically, at least a little. And, of course, it reflects the fact that our Government has retreated from its most extravagant illegal actions, namely the war against the Indochinese and the war against the Republic carried on by the Nixonians and referred to, loosely, as Watergate.

**R**epresentative Fountain exhibited a complete lack of understanding of what the internal security or un-American activities committees were really all about when he observed recently that he expected such a revived committee "to oversee internal security matters without fanfare or witchhunts and recommend appropriate legislation."

The whole point of those committees was fanfare and witchhunts. The only legislation they recommended was legislation to increase their own budgets. By the time of Lyndon B. Johnson's Administration, a directorship in the internal security apparatus was openly recognized as a sinecure, a well-paid no-work job for a Presidential favorite. Eventually, in a fit of common sense, both houses of Congress abolished their committees simply because there was nothing for them to do.

About now, one begins to notice a curious hollowness about the whole idea of internal security: The proposal is being made to meet a threat which does not yet exist, and the apparatus being proposed has a history of making mischief and nothing else.

About now, too, one ought to understand why the idea of internal security has always attracted a remarkable number of Congressional and other grifters — small-time crooks not capable of the sustained attention required by a big con, but congenitally unable to keep their fingers out of the petty-cash drawer. There was Richard M. Nixon as Vice Presidential candidate, for example, revealed to have acquired a slush fund from corporate favor-seekers and magically transforming the money into a pet dog, Checkers. There was Un-American Activities Committee Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, put into the slammer for soliciting kickbacks from his own staff. There was Senator Thomas Dodd of Connect-

cut, retired from public life for what he called the "comingling" of campaign contributions and his private funds.

From the apparent coincidence of hollowness and non-work in the internal security business and the attraction to it of slightly shady types, we can conclude that the devil finds work for idle hands; there is just something about it that is made for minor crookedness. Internal security may have been the South Sea Bubble, the gold mine stock, the Brooklyn Bridge sale of our time.

What attracts these types to the internal security business is clear enough: The promise is magic, like the philosopher's stone, the brazen head, and the alchemist's formula for transmuting lead into gold.

It is a fact that we live in an insecure world. Worse, policies pursued at home and abroad by American Governments of both parties have done more than their share to increase the insecurity of it all. In country after country of this hemisphere, just to deal with what is at hand, the United States has encouraged the forcible suppression of native movements toward a more just and equitable distribution of national economic production. This has intensified native resentment, and the resentment of the suppressed makes life even more insecure for the suppressor. You can apply the same formula at home: Deprivation makes for resentment, resentment makes for insecurity on the part of those imposing or benefiting from the deprivation.

Those who harbor such well-justified feelings of insecurity are drawn to the notion of achieving "internal security" by the magic of a Congressional committee. And the astute salesman of magic makes sure that his magic is never final, once-for-all, that's-done-with magic. Hence those regular raisings of the budget of the old internal security committees: more magic needed, more money needed, sign here.

**A**mercians should refuse even to talk about the revival of the security industry until they have finished picking up the pieces of the original model. With an Attorney General enthusiastically convinced that the highest function of law enforcement is to protect law-breakers in the employ of law-enforcement agencies, that picking-up process is still well down the road. We are still finding out about crimes against Americans committed by the CIA and the FBI, crimes that have included occasional murder and a regular program of burglary and criminal trespass.

Once we get a Government opposed to such crime, anxious to put a stop to it and to punish those who committed it, and ready to offer compensation to those who suffered from it or to their survivors, then and only then can we begin to consider a revival of the absurdity of the security industry. First you pick up, then you wreck the place again. It's only fair.

—POTOMACUS





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# The day the Bomb went off

Imagine that it happened

**Erwin Knoll and Theodore A. Postol**

**I**t was a sunny summer morning in the Chicago Loop. The usual bumper-to-bumper jam of cars and trucks. On the sidewalks, the usual crowd of shoppers, tourists, messengers, office workers heading out to an early lunch. It was Friday.

At 11:27, a twenty-megaton nuclear bomb exploded a few feet above street level at the corner of LaSalle and Adams. First the incredible flash of light and heat: In less than one-millionth of a second, the temperature rose to 150 million degrees Fahrenheit — more than four times the temperature at the center of the sun.

The roar followed immediately but there, in the center of the city and for miles around, no one was left to hear it. There was only the heat. And the dust.

Imagine that it happened. We will not speculate here on why it happened — on whose fault it was, on the series of diplomatic bluffs and blunders and miscalculations here and there that made it happen. It happened.

*Even in the macro-magnitudes of nuclear weaponry, a twenty-megaton bomb is large — the equivalent of twenty million tons of TNT, though such comparisons have little meaning. The yield of a twenty-megaton bomb is some 1,500 times greater than the yield of the*

*bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima thirty-three years ago.*

*The United States does not admit to deploying any twenty-megaton bombs in its nuclear arsenal. With its superiority in missile numbers and missile accuracy, the United States prefers weapons of lower yield. But the Soviet Union's 200 SS-9 intercontinental ballistic missiles are believed to carry warheads in the twenty-megaton range, and they — along with lesser bombs — are presumably targeted on the fifty largest cities in the United States.*

*In the event of nuclear war, a total of some 100 to 200 megatons would be directed at a metropolitan area like Chicago's.*

**T**he bomb that exploded in the Loop left a crater 600 feet deep and nearly a mile and a half in diameter. The crater's lip, extending almost to the shore of Lake Michigan on the east, was 200 feet high and would be, after the cloud of radioactive debris and dust had settled or dissipated, the tallest "object" visible in the area of the blast.

For the moment, though, there was just the incandescent fireball, rising and expanding outward at enormous speed, reaching a height and breadth of three or four miles, illuminating the sky, so that 100 miles away, over Milwaukee, the flash blinded the crew of a Chicago-bound airliner.

Around Ground Zero, everything — steel-and-concrete skyscrapers, roads and bridges, thousands of tons of earth, hundreds of thousands of people — was instantly evaporated.

At the edge of the fireball, a

thin shell of super-heated, super-compressed gas acquired a momentum of its own and was propelled outward as a blast of immense extent and power, picking up objects from disintegrating buildings, snatching huge boulders and reducing them to vapor that would solidify, eventually, into radioactive dust.

Three seconds had elapsed since the bomb went off.

*A high-altitude blast at one to three miles above ground level would have inflicted considerably greater blast damage, but the surface blast has its own "advantage": By maximizing the amount of debris sucked up in the nuclear explosion, it multiplies the long-range radiological effects, threatening the survival of living things hundreds of miles from the target area. And even the blast radius of a surface detonation is powerful enough to ignite fires more than twenty miles from Ground Zero — more than thirty miles if clouds help to reflect the flash.*

Within a minute, the familiar shape of the mushroom cloud began to form over Chicago, symmetrical and strikingly beautiful in various shades of red and reddish brown. The color was provided by some eighty tons of nitric and nitrous oxides synthesized in the high temperatures and nuclear radiations. In time, these compounds would be borne aloft to reduce the ozone in the upper atmosphere.

The mushroom cloud expanded for ten or fifteen minutes, reaching a mature height of twenty to twenty-five miles and extending seventy to eighty miles across the sky.

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*Erwin Knoll is the editor of The Progressive. Theodore A. Postol is a physicist and nuclear engineer on the staff of the Argonne National Laboratory. He is a member of the Chicago Committee for a Nuclear Overkill Moratorium (NOMOR).*

**T**o a distance of five miles from Ground Zero — to affluent Evanston on the north, well past working-class Cicero on the west, beyond the University of Chicago campus on the south, there was — nothing. A few seconds after the bomb went off, the fireball appeared, brighter than 5,000 suns. Those who saw the sudden flash of blinding light experienced instant and painless death from the extreme heat long before the noise and shock wave reached them.

Glass melted. Concrete surfaces disintegrated under thermal stress. Anything combustible exploded into raging

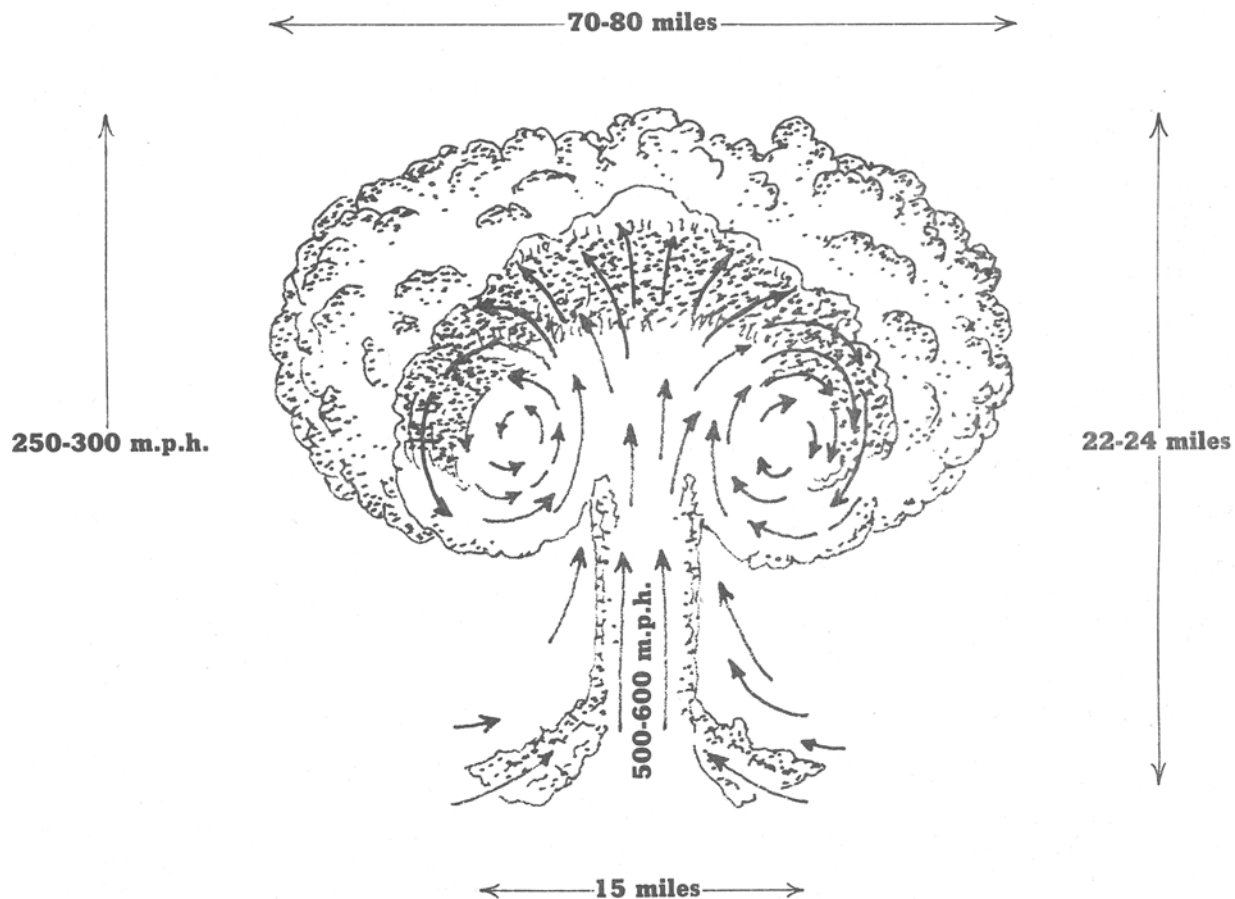
flames. Even reinforced, blast-resistant structures collapsed, along with highway spans and bridges.

The blast wave arrived about fifteen seconds later, buffeting the few man-made remnants that had not been pulverized. With the shock came torrid wind, traveling at some 300 miles an hour, carrying dust and embers and fragments, blowing down vents and tunnels to suffocate the few surviving human beings who had been sheltered below ground level.

After about ten seconds, the wind reversed direction, drawn back toward Ground Zero.

*The enormously high temperatures from the fireball of a nuclear weapon generate enough light and heat to ignite simultaneous fires over huge areas. In these areas the heated air forms a rising column, resembling on a vast scale the air-flow in a fireplace. Cool air drifts into the fire zone to replace the rising hot air. As the fires gain strength, burning hotter and more violently, the chimney effect intensifies, sucking in more air and causing the fire to burn hotter still.*

*About twenty minutes after the atomic bomb attack on Hiroshima, a mild wind began to blow from all direc-*



**The early fireball heats and shocks many cubic miles of air, which rises rapidly like a gigantic balloon filled with a gas of evaporated ground matter and weapons residues. The winds inside the cloud stem are violent enough to hoist a two-ton boulder, and can lift smaller rocks to altitudes of many thousands of feet.**

tions toward the center of the city. Within two or three hours, the wind developed a speed of thirty to forty miles per hour and air temperatures rose steadily toward 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit as fires burned out of control for a distance of 1.2 miles from Ground Zero. The wind was accompanied by light, radioactive rain over the center of the city, and heavier rain around the periphery. It was a firestorm, and it destroyed about 2,800 acres.

A twenty-megaton bomb could, under similar conditions, generate a firestorm that would devastate an area some 500 times larger.

## 'The shock wave arrived some fifty seconds later, tearing the roofs off houses'

**O**n the freeways radiating from the Loop, automobiles, trucks, and buses were simultaneously evaporated and blown away, their particles sucked up into the fireball to become components of the radioactive cloud.

Along the Stevenson Expressway, some seven or eight miles from Ground Zero, scores of oil storage tanks exploded — ruptured by the shock wave and then ignited from the grass and shrubbery burning around them.

At this range, too, aluminum siding on homes evaporated and some concrete surfaces exploded under thermal stress. The few buildings still standing were in danger of imminent collapse — and all were engulfed by flames. Highway spans caved in. Asphalt blistered and melted.

Clothing caught fire, and people were charred by intense light and heat. Their charcoal limbs would, in some instances, render their shapes recognizably human.

With greater distance from Ground Zero, the effects diminished. About ten miles from the Loop, in the area around the Brookfield Zoo, the fireball was merely brighter than a thousand

suns. Glass did not melt, but shattered window fragments flew through the air at about 135 miles per hour. All trees were burning even before the shock wave uprooted most of them.

Railroad bridges collapsed, and railroad cars were blown from their tracks. Automobiles were smashed and twisted into grotesque shapes. One and two-story wood frame homes, already burning, were demolished by the shock wave, which also knocked down cinderblock walls and brick apartment buildings.

Those who had taken shelter underground — or, more probably, just hap-

pened to be there — survived for fifteen minutes or a half hour longer than those who were exposed. They suffocated as oxygen was drawn away by the firestorm that soon raged overhead.

At O'Hare Airport, the world's busiest, aircraft engaged in landing or takeoff crashed and burned. Planes on the ground were buffeted into each other and adjacent hangars, their fuselages bent and partially crushed by the shock wave. Some thirty seconds

*The enormous temperatures associated with all nuclear weapons, regardless of yield, result from fission — the process in which certain atomic nuclei become unstable and disintegrate. (Even a fusion bomb like the one here described gains about half its energy from fission.) As the nuclei break up and form new atoms, they yield neutrons and immense amounts of energy. The atoms created by fission are so radioactive that if one could collect two ounces of them one minute after their creation, they would match the activity of 30,000 tons of radium and its decay products.*

*When a twenty-megaton nuclear bomb goes off, it produces more than half a ton of this material. One minute after detonation, it is as radioactive as thirty million tons of radium. Though this radioactivity declines within one day by a factor of 3,000, the material still has the radioactivity of 10,000 tons of radium.*

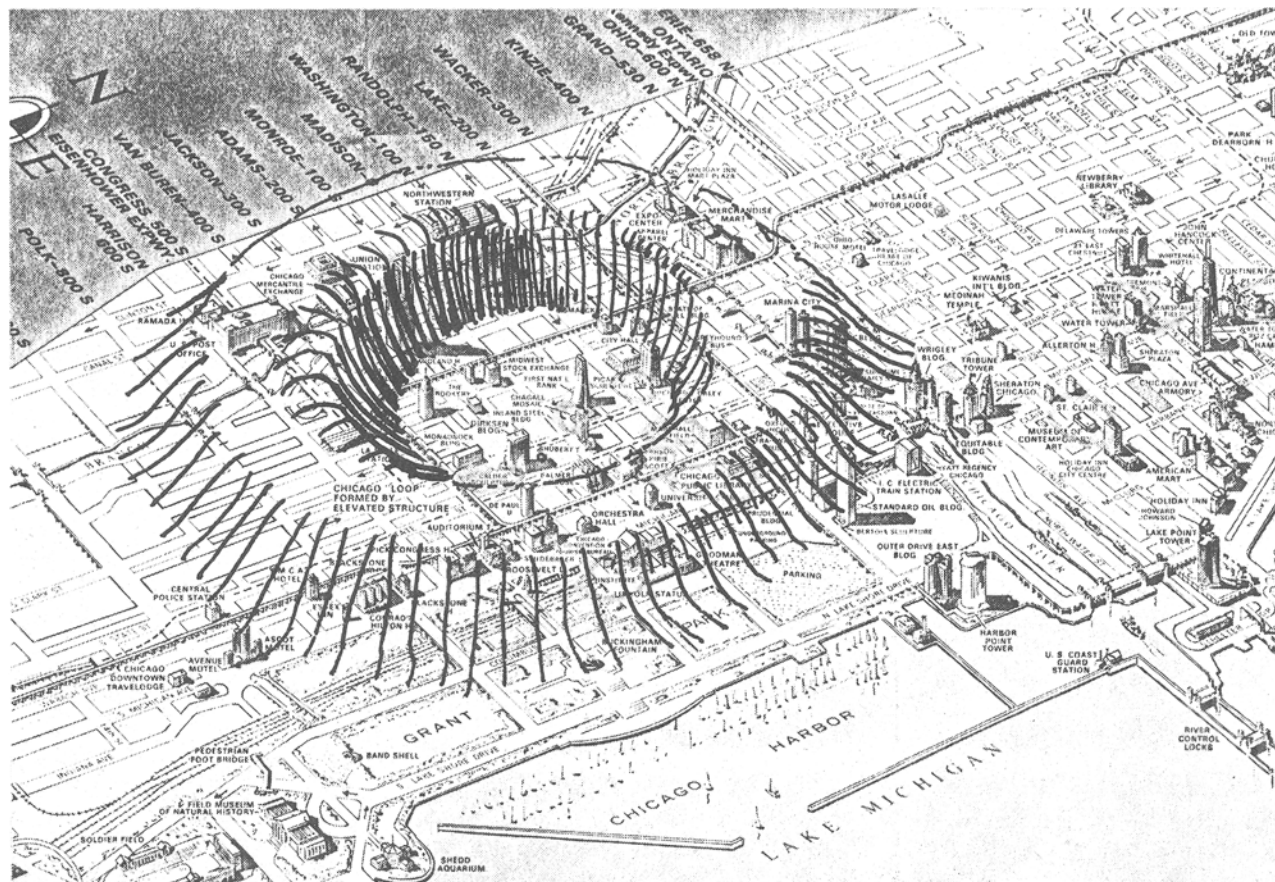
*If one could instantly remove the entire fission inventory from the largest commercial nuclear power plant (3,000 megawatts thermal) and simultaneously detonate a twenty-megaton nuclear bomb, thirty minutes after the "experiment," the activity from the bomb would be about 100,000 times greater than the activity contained in the reactor's fission inventory.*

### Pandora's box

... we have only peeked into a Pandora's Box of psychological difficulties involved with the atavistic return of man and his tribe to the recesses of the earth. It is one matter for man to have evolved from living deep in a Paleolithic cave to the city apartment or the garden

home in the suburb, but an entirely different matter to consider whether he can successfully return to the cave. The question of whether an abrupt return along this evolutionary path is psychologically possible will hopefully remain a metaphysical issue.

— P. HERBERT LEIDERMAN, M.D., and JACK H. MENDELSON, M.D.,  
"Some Psychiatric and Social Aspects of the  
Defense-Shelter Program," in *The New England  
Journal of Medicine*, May 31, 1962.



**Detonation of a twenty-megaton bomb forms a crater 600 feet deep and almost a mile and a half wide as millions of tons of matter are evaporated**

**or blown out by the expanding fireball. But this process consumes only about one-twentieth of the weapon's energy.**

*The astronomically hot fireball indiscriminately incorporates all those materials into a super-heated gas and mixes them with millions of tons of earth and target debris. The mixture condenses into droplets of liquid and then solidifies into particles ranging in diameter from one-thousandth to one-fiftieth of an inch. The particles incorporate all of the extremely dangerous radiological residues, and are borne aloft to deliver death hundreds of miles from the target. (See Page 20.)*

*In addition, many neutrons escape the exploding weapon to be absorbed by the earth and air in the immediate blast area. This leads to the production of a wide variety of neutron-activated radioactive isotopes of such elements as*

*sodium, chlorine, manganese, zinc, copper, and silicon, as well as radioactive carbon transmuted from nitrogen in the air.*

*All of these substances, dangerous to varying extents, remain active in the blast area to jeopardize survivors and would-be rescuers.*

**I**n the pleasant western suburb of Hinsdale, some sixteen miles from the Loop, the manicured lawns surrounded by wooden picket fences on tree-shaded Chicago Avenue caught fire first. Leaves in the trees ignited next, and then the picket fences themselves. Paint evaporated off house exteriors. Children on bicycles

screamed as they were blinded by the flash of the fireball. An instant later, their skin was charred. Autos collided as their tires and upholstery burst into flame.

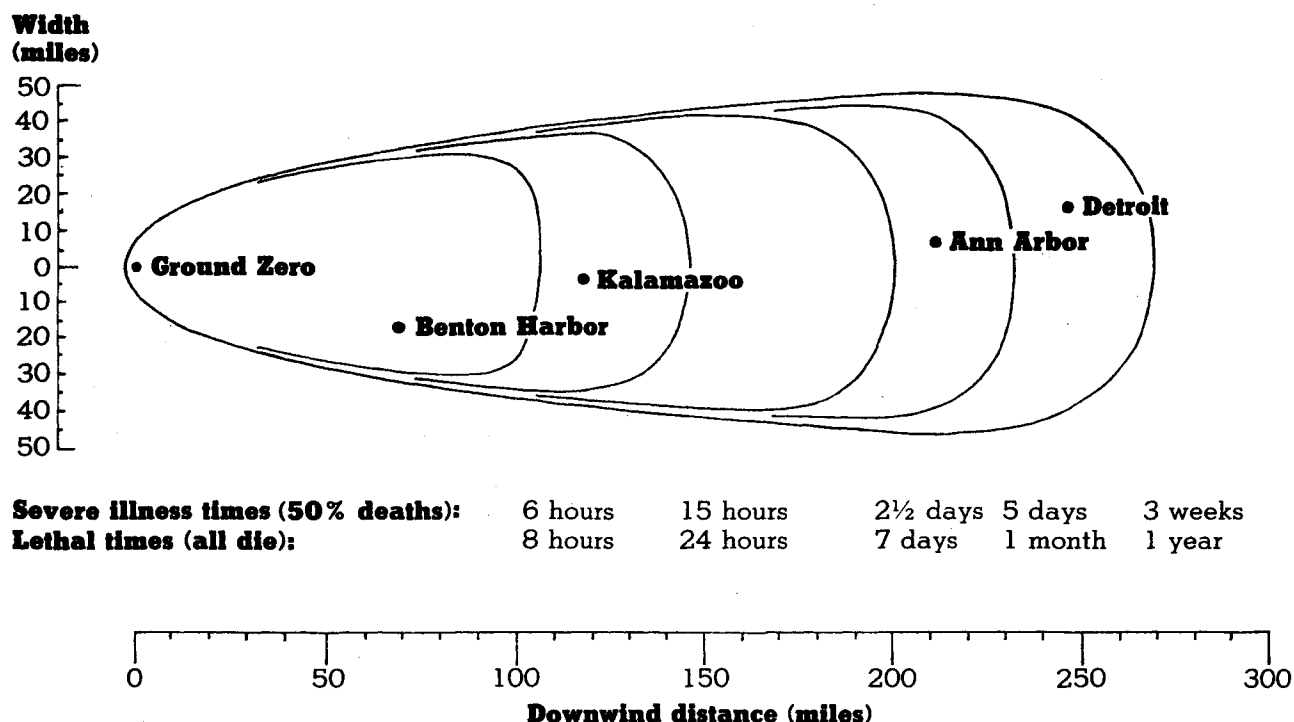
The white wooden cupola on the brick village hall blazed, and even the all-stone Unitarian Church on Maple Street was burning — ignited by the curtains on the windows facing east.

The shock wave arrived some fifty seconds later, tearing the roofs off houses, blowing in side panels, spreading burning debris.

At about the same distance north of the city, Ravinia Park's summer festival was to have featured an all-Mozart program that Friday evening. There would be no Mozart and no



# The fallout dimension



The diagram above shows the distances and times at which a twenty-mile-per-hour wind would deliver lethal fallout (650 Rads) and severe but less than lethal fallout (450 Rads) from the cloud of debris generated by a twenty-megaton nuclear bomb (with a 50 per cent fission yield) detonated near ground surface.

At a distance of 200 miles downwind, for example, unprotected persons would receive a severely sublethal dose of radiation within two-and-a-half days, and a lethal dose within seven days.

Even with excellent medical care, the 450 Rad exposure would eventually kill about 50 per cent of a young adult population. And in the conditions of a nuclear attack, it is unlikely that such care would be available to more than a tiny fraction of the exposed population.

The symptoms of radiation injury resulting from a nuclear detonation can vary considerably, depending on an individual's age, state of health, and constitution, and on whether the exposure is from a distance or through direct contact or ingestion.

Direct contact with radioactive dust may cause a sensation of burning and itching of the skin, and eye irritation. Within six hours of exposure to 450 Rads, individuals experience headaches, nausea, dizziness, and a general feeling of illness that persists for a day or two, followed by a period of extreme fatigue.

After several days, or even weeks, the initial symptoms return. Their severity requires constant hospital care — blood transfusions, antibiotics, and, perhaps, bone marrow transplants. Loss of body hair becomes noticeable, but more serious symptoms are bloody diarrhea and urine caused by spontaneous bleeding of the kidneys and intestines. Bleeding may also occur from the gums and lips.

Skin areas become puffy and discolored as diffuse skin hemorrhaging sets in. Lesions develop where there has been direct contact with radioactive dust. Because the body's count of white blood cells has been reduced, multiple infections develop. Emaciation and delirium are common.

Strong individuals who receive competent medical support for a period of three or four months gradually recover from the ordeal of radiation poisoning — unless they succumb to tuberculosis or other diseases caused by their lowered resistance to infection. Body hair eventually grows back. With six months or a year of convalescence in an antiseptic environment, about half the victims survive.

Some of them, however, will ultimately return for treatment of leukemia, carcinoma, cataracts, or other long-range disabilities induced by their exposure to high levels of ionizing radiation.

— T.A.P.

Ravinia Park. By 11:30 a.m., that agreeably green place was a burning wasteland.

About twenty-one miles southwest of the Loop, the Argonne National Laboratory sprawls on some 1,700 acres of park land. Its 5,000 employees had engaged in a broad variety of research efforts, many of them centered on the development of nuclear power. Argonne and its predecessor, the Metallurgical Laboratory of the University of Chicago, were instrumental in developing the atomic bomb.

Argonne researchers who happened to be looking out a window on that Friday morning — gazing, perhaps, toward the Sears Tower barely visible on the skyline to the northeast — suddenly saw a flash that filled the sky with the brightness (from their vantage point) of fifty to eighty suns. They were blinded, their clothing was ignited on their bodies, and exposed skin areas suffered extremely severe third-degree burns.

Here, too, leaves and grass and many readily combustible materials caught fire at once. The shock wave, which arrived a minute-and-a-half later, caused only minimal damage, except as it spread burning debris. But the fires soon raged out of control, for here, as for many miles around, there

was neither power nor water pressure nor emergency equipment nor any human will but the impulse to surrender to the hysteria of total disaster.

And soon after all this happened, the radioactive cloud, carried by the prevailing winds, began drifting toward the east at about twenty miles per hour.

*By the time the mushroom cloud has completed its fifteen-minute process of stabilization, it is directly overhead for distances up to forty miles from Ground Zero. Fires are still burning as radioactive particles begin settling on the landscape. The radiation level rises rapidly*

*panding and dropping particles, the fallout level becomes unpredictable, though it remains, in many places, extremely high.*

*No one knows how many Americans might die from blast and fire and radiation sickness in a nuclear attack. Casualty projections are a matter of heated controversy within the Government and outside it. A reasonable conjecture is that an all-out nuclear attack might claim 160 million lives — about three quarters of the population. In a particularly strategic concentrated metropolitan area subject to a direct strike — Chicago, for example — vir-*

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## **'... an all-out nuclear attack might claim 160 million lives-- about three-quarters of the population'**

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*to exceed 4,000 to 5,000 roentgens per hour, delivering a lethal dose within seven to eight minutes. Individuals driven out of doors by fire are directly exposed.*

*Within an hour or so, elements of the cloud begin to arrive about forty miles downwind. The density and activity of the particles is such that a belt four to five miles wide quickly develops radiation levels of more than 3,000 roentgens per hour. By this point, activity is diminishing, so that it requires an exposure of ten to twenty minutes to absorb a deadly dose. Within a larger belt, up to ten miles wide, fewer particles are falling, allowing up to a half hour's exposure before a fatal dosage is absorbed.*

*As the cloud moves downwind, ex-*

*actly the entire population could be expected to perish.*

*But American casualties would, of course, not be the only ones. No matter how it happened or whose fault it was, there would be counterstrike, and the indiscriminate murder of one nation's citizens — ours or theirs — would be avenged by the indiscriminate murder of the other's.*

**M**oving slowly to the east, Chicago's radioactive cloud brushed Indiana and was blown into Michigan, dropping silent death along the way, drifting inexorably toward Detroit. But it didn't matter, for at a few seconds before 11:27 that Friday morning, a twenty-megaton bomb had exploded in Detroit, too. ■

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# The nicest people make the Bomb

## A tour of America's nuclear weapons factory

**Samuel H. Day Jr.**

**I** went rummaging recently in America's atomic bomb factory, expecting to find an alien world of tight-lipped, hard-shelled, right-wing types who fit uncomfortably, at best, into a society that would really prefer not to be building such weapons. I was wrong on all counts.

Instead of Dr. Strangelove I found Mr. Clean. And instead of a reluctant society I found a contented one.

Alien? The nuclear weaponeers' world may once have been walled off, but now it seems a part of the fabric of national life.

Tight-lipped? Today's bomb designers and makers talk readily about themselves and what they do. You may not emerge with blueprints or inventory listings, but you could make some good guesses from what they tell you.

Hard-shelled? Far from it. These people are as innovative and flexible as any you will find in business or government, as dedicated as any to product improvement, as attentive as any to their public image and impact.

Right-wing? Not at all. They are the pillars of liberalism in many places where they work — articulate and active in Democratic Party politics, environmental protection, urban redevelopment, equal rights for

women and minorities, and, yes, even the peace movement.

Uncomfortable? Hardly. The bomb makers exhibit a growing self-confidence born of the conviction that, despite some uncertainties raised by events of recent times, their fellow Americans are coming to understand and appreciate them more.

Air pollution from coal-fired electric power plants is a problem in New Mexico, field headquarters for the far-flung nuclear weapons enterprise. The guardians of the state's air quality standards have no more willing watchdogs than those who work and live at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, birthplace of the atomic bomb.

Unemployment among Chicanos and blacks is a chronic condition in Colorado, where the plutonium triggers for nuclear warheads are made. The man in charge of the plutonium plant has spearheaded Denver's successful effort to bring millions of Federal dollars into the state for job training of the disadvantaged.

And in the Texas Panhandle, no bastion of equal opportunity, the civil rights movement acknowledges a debt, for hard service on the Texas Human Relations Board, to the former manager of a local plant that has assembled more atomic bombs than any other facility on earth.

Such good works by nuclear weapons people illustrate a growing tendency of the industry to involve itself in the outside world. They go hand in hand with the industry's effort to become a more respectable neighbor. New Mexico's weapons engineers have taken the lead in tackling the na-

tion's unsolved nuclear waste disposal problem, which began on their drawing boards a generation ago. Colorado's plutonium fabricators are beginning to clean up an environmental mess of their own making.

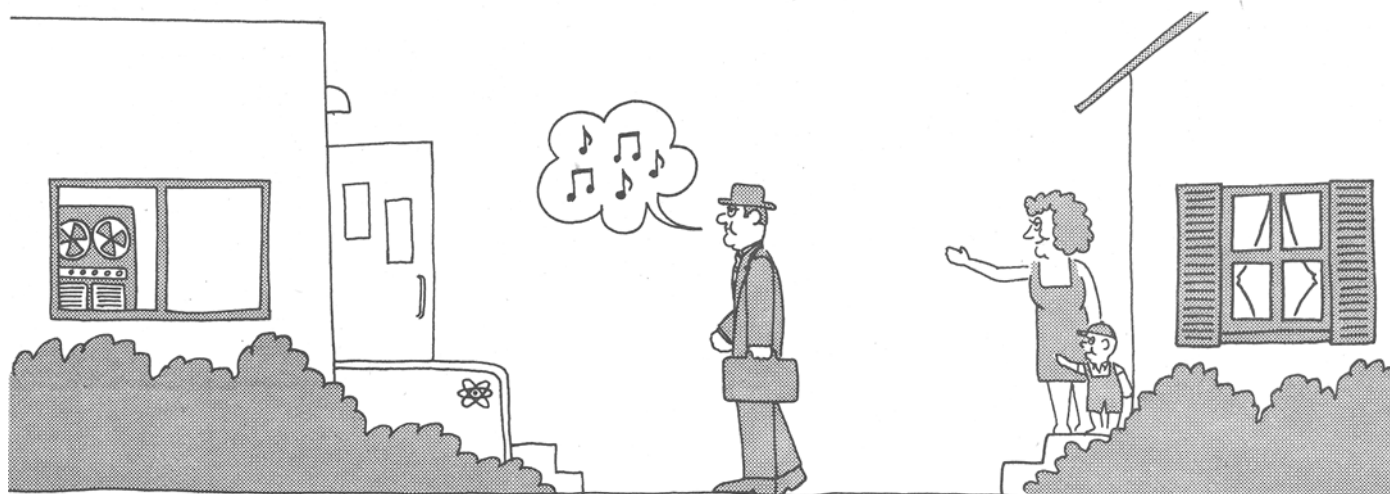
This impulse toward community involvement and self-improvement is also to be found at other major outposts of the empire — in California, Washington, and Nevada, in Missouri and Ohio, in Tennessee, South Carolina, and Florida. And the spirit flourishes with special vigor at the top, where the leaders are sparing no effort to make their products better — building them smaller, cleaner, faster, safer, surer; making them more versatile, more secure, and more indispensable.

If doubts beset today's weaponeers, they are not the tortured self-reproaches to which J. Robert Oppenheimer, father of the atomic bomb, gave expression when he said, long ago, "We physicists have known sin." They are more like those voiced by such current leaders as Harold Agnew, director of Oppenheimer's old laboratory, who told a Congressional committee this year, "It is very important to maintain the laboratories, maintain our capability, so that the tremendous amounts of knowledge, which is in the heads of people mostly, can be properly documented for future use."

**T**oday's atomic bomb factory is as efficient and economical as its managers can make it; they spend barely 2 per cent of the military budget to design, produce, and maintain about 25,000 warheads. But they must struggle mightily to keep up.

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*Samuel H. Day Jr. is an associate editor of The Progressive and former editor of The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists. Research for this article and for the one on Page 28 was assisted by a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*



"If I may use an analogy, the production system is more or less on the tail end of the whip of the old game of crack-the-whip," said Herman E. Roser, the man in charge of much of the assembly line. "We have to run a lot faster than the people in the research, development, and test business."

Roser is the manager of the Albuquerque Operations Office of the Department of Energy, which produces nuclear weapons for the Pentagon. The whip-crackers are the scientists and engineers whose designs wind up as nuclear hardware in American ships and submarines, planes, missile silos, and ordnance depots around the world.

If a laboratory director sells the Joint Chiefs of Staff on a new tactical warhead, as sometimes happens, it can mean a retooling from coast to coast.

If the Joint Chiefs give the go-ahead for a new generation of long-range missiles for the Air Force and the Navy, as they did in the early 1970s, it can make waves for Roser into the 1980s.

And if the President decides to hold up on a warhead, as he did this year on the one intended for the canceled B-1 bomber, it means nothing but headaches for the thousands who have spent years getting ready to produce it.

But the genius of the system is that it has learned not only how to adjust to the demand but also how to shape it. The production orders that come down annually in the form of a Presidential "stockpile memorandum" are the outcome of ideas and proposals filtering up through the ranks.

At Roser's elbow are three great weapons laboratories. Los Alamos and Livermore, sponsored by the University of California, are the places where scientists compete for contracts to improve the present makes and models and develop new ones. Sandia, run by Western Electric Co., with branches in Albuquerque and Livermore, is the lab where engineers work out the bugs and suggest improvements of their own.

"We're proud of the Mk4 [the warhead for the Navy's new Trident submarine missile]," said Ben Brader, the Sandia engineer whose division helped prepare it for production. "We believe we've succeeded in holding to our basic philosophy — to develop a weapon with an acceptable level of reliability at a reasonable cost."

Another Sandia engineer, Garry Brown, runs a video console designed to take the place of the sandboxes and little models that professional soldiers once used to study military strategy.

Its function is "to help make sure that Sandia works on the right things," said Brown. "We're trying to make assessments of what a future conflict might be like.... We hope war-gaming will help identify fruitful exploratory development projects for the laboratory."

*Sandia Lab News*, the laboratory's official publication, recently printed a congratulatory message from Robert L. Peurifoy Jr., director of weapons systems development, when the lab signed off on production of its Mk3 package for the Navy's Poseidon missile:

"The Mk3 was a difficult and unusual task for us, but a short four

years after we started, the first production units came out of Bendix [a Kansas City electronics plant]. And since that time production has stayed on schedule.... Literally hundreds of Sandians worked on different aspects of the Mk3. To each I'd like to say, 'Thanks and well done.'"

**W**hether the weapon is an older Poseidon on its way out, a new Trident on its way in, or something only dimly visualized on Sandia's war-gaming screen, a formidable production complex must do its work before the diagrams of the scientists and engineers become hardware. For this the Government calls upon the know-how of American industry.

Exxon, Phillips, Atlantic Richfield, and other energy giants mine the mountainous Southwest for uranium, the basic raw material, and ship it to Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio for enrichment into a form that will yield the desired explosive power.

Union Carbide fabricates some of the enriched uranium into bomb parts at a big Government-owned plant in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. DuPont, operator of a plant at Savannah River, South Carolina, converts other quantities of enriched uranium into plutonium, which is machined into plutonium bomb parts by Rockwell International at Rocky Flats, Colorado. (Rockwell also operates a second plutonium production center at Richland, Washington.)

Like matches that ignite bonfires, the uranium and plutonium bombs create the heat that ignites a hydrogen bomb. The hydrogen bomb material,



with its far greater explosive potential, is produced in the Savannah River reactors for emplacement around the uranium and plutonium cores.

General Electric manufactures the neutron generators at a plant in central Florida. Monsanto produces the detonators at its Mound Laboratory near Miamisburg, Ohio. The Bendix Corporation builds mechanical and electronic components at Kansas City, Missouri. These are the major cogs of an industrial web that leads eventually to a final assembly plant near Amarillo, Texas.

Advances in technology and demands for new product lines have wrought vast changes in the production system over the years. New installations have sprung up, older ones have shrunk, and some have been banished from the system — at Albuquerque and San Antonio; at Columbia, Tennessee, and Fort Campbell, Kentucky; at Burlington, Iowa — their shadowy comings and goings little understood at the time except by a few in the know.

"We used to feel we had to have redundancy at every stage," said Charles Gilbert, deputy director of the Department of Energy's military applications program. "We no longer feel that's necessary." Nowadays the Department worries less about building extra plants and more about replacing or

refurbishing the older ones, particularly those of World War II vintage which are nearing the end of their design lifetime.

Fortunately for the Department, the size of the inventory long ago reached such proportions that many of the ingredients for new warheads can be reclaimed from older ones retired for reasons of age or obsolescence. The bombs don't have to be manufactured from scratch; they can be recycled.

"We're retiring more than we're building," said Gilbert. "The number of weapons in the stockpile has been declining for the past five or ten years, and so has their total yield."

That is not the result of any movement toward disarmament. Partly it stems from virtuosity in manufacture and design. The weapons are more accurate now; they don't need to be so powerful. Partly it is a result of a new packaging technique that permits the user to get a variety of effects from the same model.

"No reason for an outfit to stock a whole range of items when a few will do just as well," said Sandia's executive vice president, W. J. Howard, who helped pioneer the "selective yield" breakthrough.

The "selective yield" package enables the military to give its ships, bombers, and remote outposts a

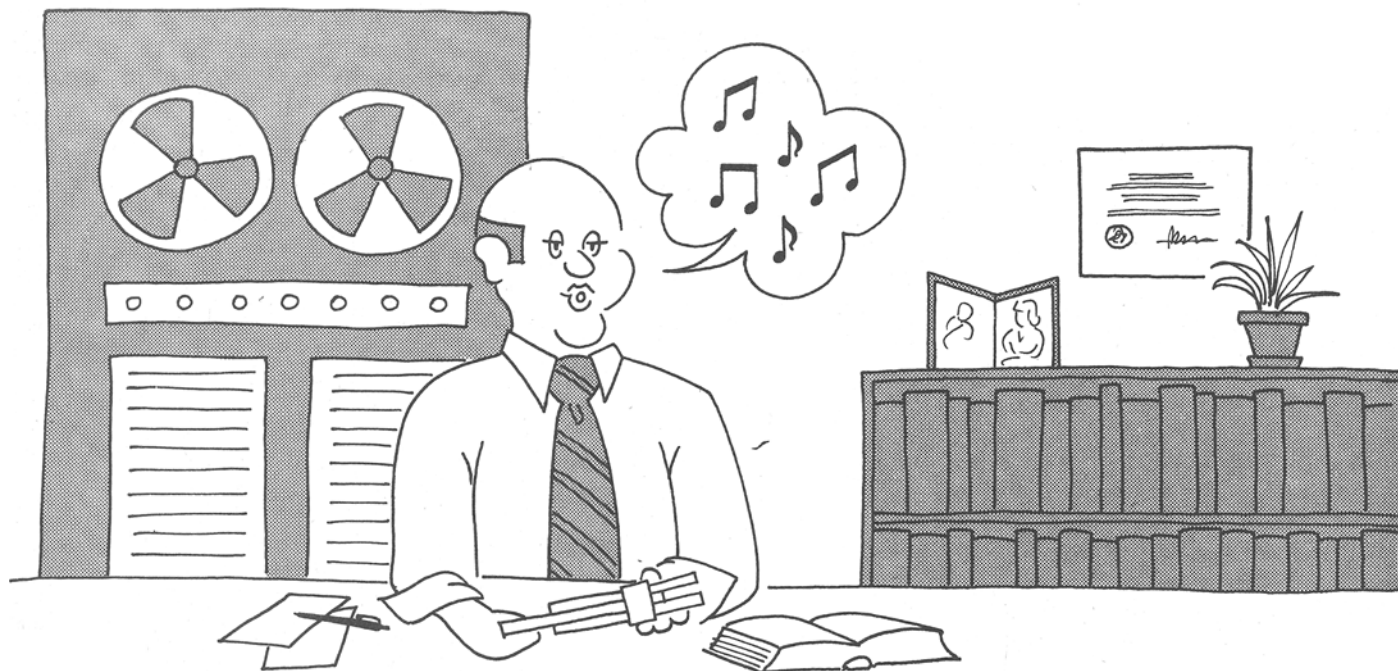
variety of nuclear options without having to send a wide assortment of weapons. It is one of a number of problem-solvers that have made the stockpile more suitable to changing needs.

The miniaturization of warheads solved the problem of how to give artillery battalions a nuclear capability. "Atomic demolitions" solved the problem of how to blow up a dam or block a mountain pass in the path of an advancing enemy. And when U.S. allies insisted on controlling where the landmines would be placed, that problem was solved by developing a U.S.-fired "penetrator" projectile which does the job just as well.

The development of short-range nuclear weapons for front-line use has presented the industry with one of its most formidable challenges: How do you prevent the weapons from being used against you if you lose them? The solution has been the development of a "command and control" system of electronic locks and links built into the warheads. A weapon will self-destruct if the wrong person tries to fire it.

"They don't blow up," said Gilbert. "That would be too messy. But they disable themselves to such an extent that they would have to be virtually rebuilt."

In this industry, as in others, there is a growing emphasis nowadays on



safety, security, and consumer protection.

**D**ick Gaither, a television reporter, was taking pictures at the Amarillo air terminal one day last June when he noticed a large Air Force cargo plane loading up at the far end of a runway. Intrigued, he drove closer and trained his camera on what looked like nuclear weapons coming out of some nearby trucks. A blue van sped away from the loading area and pulled up in front of him. A man leaped out with a rifle.

"I was scared stiff," Gaither recalled later. "I held up my hands and said, 'Hey, man, I'm on your side.'"

The reporter ceased his picture-taking and the incident ended peacefully. It was a rare instance of a public confrontation with the business end of the Energy Department's massively fortified transportation system for nuclear weapons and the parts that go into them.

Ordinarily, the convoys glide by unnoticed on the freeways, the unmarked trailer trucks blending into the traffic flow and their escort vans looking much like campers off for a weekend jaunt. The drivers listen to the CB radio, put in at the weigh stations, observe the speed limit, and pay the occasional traffic ticket. They pull up at the truck stops for meals and gas.

But these are no ordinary breed of highway haulers. They come equipped with pistols, rifles, shotguns, machine guns, and hand grenades — and they are trained to use them. They are linked by high-frequency radio to each other and to a national command post in Albuquerque which monitors their movements around the clock.

Their vehicles, designed and tested at Sandia labs, are mobile vaults. They are built to withstand head-on collisions at sixty miles per hour without their cargoes so much as shifting, and to endure an 1,850-degree fire for half an hour (the equivalent of a crash with a gasoline tanker) without raising the temperature inside. Their metal linings are designed to resist drills, blowtorches, and explosive charges. Should they be penetrated, an assortment of foams, sprays, and other dirty tricks awaits the intruder.

"No one has ever tried, and we

hope they never will," said Donald P. Dickason, the man in charge of the transportation system. "About the worst trouble we've had was on the slippery roads last winter. Some of the drivers had to call for help."

The fleet of thirty-one "safe secure trailers," supplemented by fifty similarly armored railroad cars and two planes used for moving uranium shipments in a hurry, all escorted by a plain-clothed, commando-like courier service, are the weapons program's answer to the problem of safety and security in transit. The Energy Department has been beefing up the system

criminal and military skills, and dedication, ingenuity, and imagination."

Unobtrusive preparations against domestic violence and disruption are coming to be a principal spinoff of the weapons program, a model in troubled times for other industrial operations, particularly in the nuclear field, that share the same concern.

**T**he weapons people are taking the lead in tackling another problem that has long plagued their own program and stumped their colleagues in the commercial nuclear sector: the handling and disposal of deadly radio-

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## **'... the convoys glide by unnoticed on the freeways ... like campers off for a weekend....'**

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since the early 1970s and uses it now for hauling "strategic quantities" of materials for itself and for the nuclear power industry, which also worries about terrorist attacks.

Dickason spends an increasing amount of his time reassuring nervous mayors and city council members along the transportation routes, which connect more than a hundred delivery points from coast to coast. "Naturally, they worry," he said, "but when I tell them what we've got they feel a lot better."

Similarly, the production centers are being quietly buttressed to withstand physical assault. Armed civilian detachments and armored personnel carriers are at the ready, although usually out of sight, at plants such as Amarillo and Rocky Flats, and can be reinforced on short notice by military forces.

The defense is patterned on a study, completed recently by the Rand Corporation, which advised the weapons program to be prepared to repel a "high level composite" attack.

"The high level composite consists of twelve to twenty perpetrators, a wide range of weapons, including light... weapons, possesses high explosives and power tools, and has inside information and assistance, high levels of

active wastes. Scientists at Richland, Savannah River, and at a laboratory in eastern Idaho are perfecting a process of solidifying the wastes in glass-like logs. Engineers at the Sandia labs are pressing for a final breakthrough on how to dispose of the logs.

For more than three decades the weapons program has hunted in vain for safe ways and places to get rid of radioactive wastes that remain dangerous for thousands of years. Stored as liquid in metal tanks in the early years, the wastes leaked out and contaminated the soil. The scientists hoped to store them eventually in salt caves, but they have been stymied by the lack of an acceptable place to test their disposal technique. It has been a festering problem for both the weapons program and the nuclear power industry, which contributes a growing portion of the wastes.

Now, Sandia has taken charge of developing a "waste isolation pilot plant" on a tract of Government land near the Carlsbad Caverns in the southeastern corner of New Mexico. If the test pans out, the pilot plant would become the model for larger permanent disposal facilities elsewhere, probably in Washington or Nevada.

The plan has evoked concern in New Mexico and neighboring Texas, as it

did in Kansas several years ago when a similar project was proposed for that state, but the expertise of the engineers also commands widespread confidence.

"There is always a risk factor," said Bob Price of Pampa, a Texas state senator. "You can't cover all the possibilities. If you want the protection these weapons provide, you must cope with the risks involved in disposing of the waste."

**F**ormerly defensive about their environmental impact, the weapons people nowadays take a much more assertive stance. This is nowhere more evident than in Colorado, where radioactive uranium mine tailings, underground nuclear explosions, and plutonium plant accidents have long presented the industry with a public relations problem.

Rocky Flats, a huge metalworking shop built in 1952 to fabricate the plutonium triggers that ignite hydrogen bombs, has been in trouble for many years with people in the Denver area, sixteen miles downhill, downstream, and downwind. Workers complained of exposure to radioactivity. Plutonium and uranium leaked from waste drums stored or buried at the plant and then forgotten. Tritium, a hydrogen bomb ingredient that wasn't even supposed to be at Rocky Flats, went down the drain and wound up in the reservoir of the nearby town of Broomfield. A fire in 1957 dusted Denver with radioactive plutonium, and another in 1969 — the second-largest industrial fire on record — put the state in an uproar.

Governor Richard Lamm and State Senator Timothy Worth appointed an investigative task force, which recommended in 1974 that the plant be moved elsewhere. The Federal Government rejected the idea but consented to appointment of a Rocky Flats monitoring committee on which private citizens could sit. But by that time a counteroffensive was already in the making.

In 1975, Dow Chemical Company, fed up with the mess, relinquished the Rocky Flats contract to Rockwell International, a younger company anxious to strengthen its already substantial foothold in the military weapons and nuclear power fields.

Within a year or two, Rocky Flats was bristling with newly installed safety and environmental protection gear. Plans were moving forward for a new plutonium processing plant and for new containment systems for the waste water and the plutonium dust. The new management opened the plant to public tours, installed an attractive small-scale wind energy research project, put out brochures inviting Denverites to come out and spend "a day in the country," cautioned visitors not to tread on the fragile alpine flora surrounding the plant.

"From the very start, Rockwell

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### **'... it's the sins of the past. We're like an ex-con trying to live down the old image'**

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acted like it wanted to stay," said James R. Nicks, a Department of Energy Rocky Flats administrator, who remembers the Dow era with considerable pain.

"Our main problem now isn't safety; it's the sins of the past," said Rich Maes, a former Denver journalist who used to lock horns with Dow and now is on the public relations staff of Rockwell International. "We're like an ex-con trying to live down the old image."

Far from hanging its head in shame, Rocky Flats now portrays itself as a leader in helping to solve the problems of others. Thus, from a recent environmental impact statement:

"The Rocky Flats plant provides technical knowledge, skills, and advice to local communities, individuals, and to organizations throughout the U.S. and the world. Locally, the Rocky Flats plant has provided advice on such subjects as fire prevention, training of fire fighters, effluent monitoring and pollution control, water and sewage treatment, landfill management, radiation dosimetry, and safety programs."

**I**n Colorado, the Rocky Flats Action Group, a coalition of environmental and peace activists, has also been attempting, with fair success, to enhance the public visibility of the plutonium trigger factory — not as a symbol of civic betterment, however, but as a local hazard and global threat.

"We don't want to just clean it up; we want to stop the system," said Pam Solo, an organizer of the group. In a campaign to focus local and national attention on Rocky Flats and its key role in nuclear weapons production, the coalition has been organizing rallies outside the plant. The latest, last spring, drew a crowd of 6,000 to the west gate, where railroad tracks link Rocky Flats with the rest of the far-flung weapons production complex.

In past years, when the crowds were considerably slimmer, the new management would send a water truck out to slake the thirst of the demonstrators. This time the water truck stayed inside.

In New Mexico, where military public works projects have long been a cornerstone of the economy, the nuclear weapons people themselves serve as pinch-hitters in the peace movement. Some of the Sandia lab workers and their families hold offices in the Quakers' Intermountain Yearly Meeting.

"Some of these people are a little schizoid on the weapons question," said Mark Acuff, publisher of the weekly *New Mexico Independent*. "But they are the mainstay of the liberal movement in New Mexico. They have fought for things like air and water quality, prevention of urban sprawl. They have done the hard work of ward politics."

In the Texas Panhandle, one seldom hears talk about going up against Mason & Hangar-Silas Mason Company, Inc., the firm that assembles the final product at the big ordnance factory on the outskirts of Amarillo.

"Oh, we had some demonstrators come through town a couple of years ago," said Paul Wagner, the Energy Department's administrator at the Pantex plant. "Not even the church people would take them in. The people around here are real conservative and they support us."

Buck Ramsey, a free-lance writer, is one of the few Amarillans who don't

support the plant, but he agrees with Wagner that the city is behind it, whatever its role may be.

"Hell, the police wouldn't have to do a thing to protect it," he said. "The farmers around here would be happy to kick ass."

"In the '50s and '60s, when I was in school here, we knew we weren't supposed to talk about Pantex. We all had friends and relatives working there. It was a conditioned reflex not to think or ask about it. Now we're talking about it a little more."

Stanley Marsh III also grew up in Amarillo and now owns a local television station, but only in recent years has he learned of the community's central role in nuclear weapons production.

"I knew some people who worked out there," he said, "but I assumed they were sworn to secrecy. I thought it would be rude to ask them about it. I don't think we would have deliberately chosen this kind of factory, but we didn't have a choice."

Early last year, a chemical explosion killed three workers at the plant. A few months later some reports on the neutron bomb focused statewide attention on the role Pantex would play in assembling the new weapon. These events caused Amarillo's daily newspaper, the *Globe-News*, to break its long silence on the mission of the Pantex plant:

"The people of the Golden Spread have lived without fear for twenty-five years of nuclear weapons manufacture at Pantex. If we have not been afraid of work done at Pantex in the past, we

have no reason to become afraid now."

**J**ust as Pantex has become part of Amarillo, so has the larger program become more firmly cemented in the nation. The withering away of the old Atomic Energy Commission and its absorption into the new Department of Energy, created a year ago, have hastened the molding of nuclear weapons manufacture into larger enterprises of energy production, scientific research, and social betterment.

The scientific laboratories at Los

production plant at Richland, Washington, still busily stockpiling material for new warheads, now welcomes visitors to "The Hanford Science Center," exhibiting "the full spectrum of our energy options and the Department of Energy's mission in research and development."

The other wartime production plant in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, still the main supplier of uranium bombs, is now the home of the "American Museum of Atomic Energy, a world famous center for scientific research."

Not even the National Atomic Museum at Albuquerque has escaped

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## **'Some of these people are . . . schizoid on the weapons question, but they are the mainstay of the liberal movement'**

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Alamos and Livermore no longer devote themselves exclusively to nuclear warheads. They are shouldering new burdens of research into fusion and geothermal power and a host of other lines that enhance and complement their military mission.

While making better bombs, Sandia is also fighting cancer, building a solar receiver, investigating a new kind of automobile engine, experimenting with photovoltaic energy, and finding new uses for municipal sludge. The weaponeers are giving the nation an extra dividend.

The once-secret wartime plutonium

the new look. For many years the Atomic Energy Commission stocked it with replicas of the weapons with which the nation launched the nuclear age and then expanded the technological frontiers. The models of the warheads are still there, but access now is through a new exhibition hall full of other scientific and industrial wonders. It shows, in the words of a brochure, "the steps being taken to solve America's energy problems."

The atomic bomb factory is like the collection in the museum. It is growing with America, and it is blending into the landscape. ■



William Kasdorf



# The neutron bomb lives after all

## Production could begin in weeks

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**P**roduction of neutron bombs for America's nuclear arsenal may begin as early as October despite President Carter's temporary ban on the controversial weapon, *The Progressive* has learned.

The Carter Administration believes a technological breakthrough — a "convertible neutron bomb" — will permit it to begin manufacturing the weapons without further public debate or Congressional consent.

Legislation requiring forty-five days' advance notice to Congress before manufacture of any neutron bombs and providing for a possible Congressional veto is due to expire on September 30, the last day of the Federal fiscal year.

The strategy for building the neutron bomb without violating the letter of Carter's temporary ban was outlined to members of a House Armed Services subcommittee in a closed-door hearing last April by Major General Joseph Bratton, director of the nuclear weapons program.

Bratton assured the subcommittee that the plan has Carter's approval, according to a heavily censored transcript later released. The disclosure received little public attention, and Congressional opponents of the neutron bomb are unaware, at this writing, that the Administration intends to begin production.

The plan has been confirmed to *The Progressive* by high officials in the

nuclear weapons program, who describe the "convertible neutron bomb" as a device that behaves like other U.S. nuclear warheads now stationed in Europe, but that can be turned into a neutron bomb with measures performed rapidly in the field.

If the President gives the order for "production" of the neutron bomb, as he has said he may do unless the Soviet Union shows military "restraint," it will not be necessary to start up assembly lines or to recall and retrofit existing weapons, as opponents of the bomb have assumed.

The neutron bomb's "radiation enhancement" capability will already be in place, ready for activation in a matter of hours.

The neutron bomb — which the Pentagon prefers to call the "enhanced radiation warhead" — is a device that inflicts a maximum number of casualties while severely limiting property damage. The Pentagon and NATO have long sought such a weapon for potential use in Europe.

The Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), which had charge of all nuclear weapons research and production until the Department of Energy was created, was ready last year to begin manufacture of neutron bomb warheads for the Army's sixty-mile-range Lance missile and its eight-inch howitzers. The neutron bomb came to public notice on June 6, 1977, in a *Washington Post* story headed "Killer Bombs Buried in ERDA Budget," which immediately triggered widespread debate in the United States and abroad.

Opponents charged that the weapon, by minimizing destruction of property, would make nuclear war more "thinkable," and therefore increase the risk of an all-out nuclear exchange.

Attempts to ban production were defeated in Congress, but the fiscal 1978 ERDA authorization bill contained a compromise amendment giving Congress forty-five days to veto any production decision.

The amendment, sponsored by the Senate majority and minority leaders, Robert C. Byrd and Howard H. Baker Jr., provides that "none of the funds appropriated in this act shall be used for production of enhanced radiation weapons until the President certifies to Congress that production of these weapons is in the national interest; provided further, however, that after such certification is received, production may proceed, unless within forty-five days Congress by concurrent resolution disapproves such production...."

That language expires September 30. No such restriction exists in the Department of Energy's nuclear weapons authorization bill for fiscal 1979, which has passed the House and awaits final Senate action. The new bill, which goes into effect October 1, requires only that the President notify Congress of his intention to produce the bomb and obtain the routine approval of the two appropriations committees for the release of funds already appropriated.

Notably absent from this procedure would be an opportunity for full Congressional review and public debate on whether the bomb ought to be produced. For all practical purposes, production will have been accomplished.

**C**arter's announcement last April 7 that he had decided to "defer the production of nuclear weapons with enhanced radiation effects" was sufficiently ambiguous to allow production of the "convertible neutron bomb," Administration sources assert.

On the one hand, the President spoke of holding up production while the United States assessed Soviet military deployment in Central Europe; on the other, he spoke of "modernization" of the Lance and artillery warheads, "leaving open the option of

installing the enhanced radiation elements."

General Bratton, testifying to the House subcommittee only a few days after Carter's announcement, made it clear that the President knew and approved of the Pentagon's plans for producing and deploying what is, in effect, a standby neutron bomb.

Representative Charles H. Wilson, California Democrat, asked, according to the censored transcript, "We still are going to be involved in defending the enhanced radiation weapons, aren't we, in spite of the President's declaration?"

"Yes," Bratton replied, "I think that is probably a correct statement, sir, as long as one intends to preserve the capability to later add that feature."

In another exchange, Representative Bob Wilson, California Republican, declared, "I think we do need to be reassured by the President. However, I don't think this is anything we should debate in public. I think it is something that should be done without fanfare, if possible, for him to reassure us that he is not going to change the rules again.

"I would have to say," Wilson added, "that that statement, that last paragraph, pretty well gives him the option to do what you are planning to do here, where he says, 'leaving open the option of installing the enhanced radiation elements.'"

"That is clearly, to my mind, anyway, an indication that you are proceeding on a course that has Presidential approval. Is that correct?"

"Yes sir," Bratton responded, "that is correct."

**B**ratton's deputy, Charles H. Gilbert, told *The Progressive*, "We are going ahead with production of the weapons except for the enhanced radiation feature." He said this can now be done in a way that will give the Pentagon a neutron bomb standby capability.

Further specifics were provided by W.J. Howard, executive vice president

of Sandia Laboratories, which helps design, test, and manufacture nuclear weapons for the Department of Energy. If and when the President gives the word, Howard said in his Albuquerque, New Mexico, office, it will be a relatively simple operation to incorporate the enhanced radiation feature.

The conversion will be done in the field, Howard said, by units especially trained for such work. There will be no need to bring the warheads back to the United States for retrofitting. Converting the warheads into neutron bombs will not be substantially more difficult

stockpiled separately, activating the warhead's neutron bomb features.

Gilbert, the deputy director of the nuclear weapons program, said that while the additional component is substantial and sophisticated, it is a relatively small part of the warhead, both in size and cost. He said that production would proceed simultaneously with the rest of the warhead, and that field installation of the component would constitute implementation of a Presidential decision to go ahead with the neutron bomb.

Under this interpretation, Gilbert asserted, the Administration has full

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## **'If and when the President gives the word . . . it will be a relatively simple operation. . . .'**

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than other adjustments routinely made to nuclear weapons in the field.

Just how the enhanced radiation feature will be added is a closely guarded secret, known only to the nuclear weapons establishment and a small group of Senate and House armed services committee members and their aides.

The technique seems to be an outgrowth of "selective yield" technology, which gives the users of some of the more modern U.S. nuclear bombs the ability to vary the yield — that is, the destructive power — of the warhead, depending on the target. This is done by a coded signal which reprograms the arming, fuzing, and firing mechanism.

It is thought that the designers may now have found a way to incorporate the selective-yield principle into the Lance missile and the eight-inch artillery shell. To these weapons the designers would attach an additional component, to be manufactured and

authority to begin production with the start of the new fiscal year.

To make doubly sure, the Senate Armed Services Committee has added language to the pending authorization bill specifically authorizing production of the supplementary components. Gilbert indicated that this provision was welcome but unnecessary.

**T**hanks to the ingenuity of U.S. bomb designers, the deftness of Carter's speech writers, and the enthusiasm of Congressional hawks, therefore, the President has solved his neutron bomb dilemma: He has calmed the storm of public revulsion that broke unexpectedly over this latest addition to the nuclear arsenal by devising a neutron bomb that isn't a neutron bomb — yet.

Unless Congress intervenes or a new outcry erupts, the Pentagon will soon have the new weapon it has long wanted — and the world may be one step closer to the ultimate catastrophe.

—SAMUEL H. DAY JR.

# On repressive tolerance

**David Harvey**

**S**hortly after arriving on these shores in 1969 as a naive immigrant from England, I found myself participating in one of those call-in radio talk shows. It was Flag Day, and so the theme was "Flag and Country." The host of the show asked me how I felt about my ancestors' doings at Fort McHenry in the year 1814. I said I was thoroughly ashamed, that the British had indeed behaved abominably. I then made the mistake of adding that every American should, by the same token, be thoroughly ashamed of what this country was then up to in Vietnam.

The response was electric. The switchboard lit up and the man in the booth monitoring the phone calls became quite agitated. I was variously advised that I had no rights as a foreigner to say anything (although I did carry a draft card in my pocket), that I should go back where I belonged (which to the mild-mannered meant Britain but to the more acerbic souls meant Siberia or the fiery inferno), and that I was a good reason why no one should ever send his son to the Johns Hopkins University.

I found all this perplexing. I had been raised in that liberal intellectual tradition in which reasoned consistency is highly valued. And while I may have been guilty of making a false analogy, I found it difficult to explain how Ameri-

cans could celebrate the principles of their own revolution with such pride while they were doing their level best to squash every national liberation movement in sight.

After that experience with American public opinion, I retired to lick my wounds, protect my prospects of academic tenure, and collect my thoughts. I fell to ruminating upon the innumerable contradictions that pervaded American thought and practice.

I noted, for example, the constant stream of criticism of the Soviet Union for hiding behind the Iron Curtain and not allowing the free flow of people and ideas across its borders. Yet the U.S. State Department, until recently, systematically denied even visitors' visas to anyone who belonged to any of the influential Communist parties of Western Europe.

Then there was the infamous promise to keep Vietnam free even if it meant killing all the Vietnamese to do it, and an American commitment to defend and preserve a "free" world which included such paragons of virtue as Generalissimo Franco in Spain, the generals in Brazil, Somoza in Nicaragua, the Shah of Iran, to say nothing of the extraordinarily repressive regimes in Indonesia and South Africa.

That contradiction seemed even more bizarre as the United States approached its own Bicentennial, and it is no wonder that Jimmy Carter had to stump the world preaching human rights in order to revive American credibility in a world grown extremely cynical of American intentions.

At home, the "Great Society" fell

apart as it became apparent that social programs were least effective where they were most needed and most effective where they were least needed. I discovered that the preamble to every piece of Congressional housing legislation since 1945 asserts that every American has a right to a decent home in a suitable living environment, and was surprised when I took a walk around Baltimore to see the result. While preaching human rights to the Russians, Jimmy Carter appears little disposed to do anything about the right to decent housing, and seems mildly surprised when the blacks and urban poor become cynical too.

America, I decided, was a land of *Catch-22*, a country — to use a cliché American journalists frequently apply to countries other than their own — full of paradoxes and contradictions.

**S**hortly after my talk-show experience, I happened to read Karl Marx. He placed great emphasis on the "contradictions of capitalism," and that caught my attention. I read on, intrigued. And the more I read, the more it seemed to make sense. At the bottom of it all, Marx argued, lies a tension between capital and labor, between profits and wages, which produces all manner of contradictions in the realms of economics, politics, social structures, institutions, and even within thought itself.

We could, Marx suggested, create a theory to explain the contradictions — and the theory would help us to overcome them. I found this exciting and started to work at it — and one by one the contradictions that had so per-

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plexed me crumbled before the power of the analysis.

When *The Times* of London opined that political democracy was a luxury we could afford only if the trade unions and the workers showed restraint with respect to wage demands, I could readily see why they would say that. And it became equally easy to understand the irate trade unionist who wrote to *The Times* to say that political democracy was worthless if the price was that he voluntarily live in poverty in order to keep his boss reveling in luxury. Marx called this kind of thing class struggle. Armed with that concept, I found I could go a long way.

But the more successful I became in unraveling the contradictions, the more I was forced to accept the social consequences. By the time I had quoted Marx more than twice (and not for purposes of poking fun at him), many of my academic colleagues began to regard me with suspicion. When I said that perhaps Marx had something sensible to contribute to our understanding of society, the reaction was both outraged and outrageous. Stories came back to me that I had taken leave of my senses and thrown in my lot with what one of my most eminent colleagues described in a learned journal as "kooks, freaks, drop-outs, and malcontents."

I found this disconcerting because I had never felt saner in my life. And I found it discouraging because I felt I had hold of an analysis that made sense. What I began to discover through experience was the meaning of "repressive tolerance." Freedom of thought in the university is typically confined to certain boundaries. Within those boundaries you can say and do whatever you like; tolerance rules there. The boundary is not fixed or particularly clear because different people locate it differently. But the closer you move toward it the more repression you experience. Stray beyond this fuzzy boundary and you are in deep trouble. I began to experience what it means to live beyond the pale.

The job offers that frequently crossed my desk before the publication of my first book in the Marxian mold dropped off precipitously. Fortunately, I obtained tenure a year before all that happened.

There is a story, doubtless apocryphal, of Stalin telling Trotsky, "I defend to my death your right to say what you please provided you defend to your death my right to kill you for saying it." I discovered a Stalinist streak lurked in the breasts of many a supposedly liberal colleague. They say, in effect, "We defend to our deaths the principle of freedom of intellectual inquiry provided you defend to your death our right to fire you for engaging in it."

I first discovered that principle when I happened to sit in on a seminar given by an eminent professor of sociology who gave an account of Marx's thought that bore absolutely no relation to the Marx I had studied. So I disputed his account. He said he welcomed different viewpoints, but within a few minutes he closed the discussion abruptly, apparently under the illusion that I was an aspiring graduate student, by advising me that if I knew what was good for me I would not go around reading that kind of literature.

I learned the lesson again during the fight over a colleague's tenure at Johns Hopkins. He got a fair hearing of a sort, but he lost his job. Unfortunately, there is nothing more unfair than getting a fair hearing in an unfair system. He lost his job because he went beyond the pale, took the liberty of taking freedom of intellectual inquiry seriously and pushing it into that arena well beyond the boundaries of repressive tolerance.

The recent furor over a Marxist's appointment to the faculty of the University of Maryland raised similar issues. Some fear that a Marxist would not be open to alternative ideas, conveniently forgetting that most university departments have systematically excluded Marxists all along.

Now, it so happens that some Marxists probably would take advantage in exactly the same way that some non-Marxists have for years. And there are others, both non-Marxists and Marxists, whose whole record bespeaks a desire for diversity.

Maryland State Senator John J. Bishop Jr. gave the real game away in a comment on the University of Maryland controversy. This appointment, he said, "is as ridiculous as it would be to appoint Henry Ford to head the po-

litical department at Moscow University." In my liberal days I would have found that remark deeply perplexing because I always thought the United States was supposed to be different from the Soviet Union — that there was repression there and freedom of expression here. But I now see that Senator Bishop was just trying to tell it like it really is.

**O**f course, things have changed since the bad old days of McCarthyism. The cruder forms of repression don't make sense any more. The contradictions are too obvious.

For example, I came across the report of a Commission on Subversive Activities to the Maryland General Assembly. It was dated 1949 — the year the CIA was formed — and it made interesting reading. Communists were to be denied their political rights because communism was a treasonable conspiracy, not a political movement. Communists use fifth-column techniques. They operate under the direction of a foreign power. They infiltrate the labor unions, educational organizations, and the media, from which positions they foster strikes, sabotage, political murders, and racial and economic chaos. They infiltrate the armed forces, and when the chaos is at its worst, they forcibly overthrow the government, liquidate the opposition, and abolish political parties. Finally, they legitimize their conquest by a so-called free election or referendum which purports to demonstrate popular support.

Now, that sounds pretty unpleasant to me, and I must say I could do without it if that is what communism is all about. So let's agree that this kind of activity is a "treasonable conspiracy" against democracy and that people who engage in it should be deprived of their political rights. The trouble is that this was exactly what the CIA was up to in Chile, with the approval of Henry A. Kissinger and Richard M. Nixon.

In my liberal days I would have expressed mild surprise that Henry Kissinger was still at large. But I am older and wiser now. I simply recognize that it all depends, in the end, on whose side you are on. And that, of course, is what Marx meant by class struggle. ■

# Jerry Brown is off and running

## But in whose interests?

**Joel Kotkin**

**B**arring the utterly unexpected, Jerry Brown will be reelected governor of California this November. His victory was assured in the first few weeks after the lopsided passage of Proposition Thirteen, the tax-cut initiative which, ironically, was seen at the time as the greatest political setback of his career.

It was a performance worthy of John Gielgud, a political maneuver reminiscent of Franklin D. Roosevelt. There Jerry Brown stood, his fervent opposition to Proposition Thirteen thoroughly repudiated by the voters, sinking in the polls against the pro-Thirteen Republican gubernatorial candidate, Attorney General Evelle J. Younger. Chaos, mass layoffs, riots, even a general strike by public employees were all being roundly predicted. Tom Quinn, head of California's Air Resources Board and Brown's chief political aide, was whispering that some unionists were preparing for long occupations of government facilities.

Those were dark days for California, and perhaps even bleaker ones for Jerry Brown. The entire dream of his father's era — of a prosperous, open, egalitarian California society — had been smashed in an avalanche of white middle-class fury.

State legislators, called into special session to deal with the crisis, promptly began bickering with the Governor and among themselves. Soon Brown's men

were accusing their own chief ally in the legislature, Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy, of blocking the use of state surplus funds to bail out suddenly impoverished local governments. McCarthy, they sneered, was trying to save the surplus as a hedge against future tax increases that could undermine his own prospective 1982 run for the governor's chair.

Republicans, ecstatic at last at the prospect of success, were calling for tough, draconian measures which, if signed by the governor, would all but ruin his well-established alliances with labor, the Left, and the minorities.

But in the face of crisis, Jerry Brown drew on a previously unnoticed well of statesmanship and met the challenge. With unprecedented forcefulness he threw the usually cranky machinery of his guru government into high gear, forcing, while the national news media focused on Sacramento, the passage of a moderate, sensible bailout bill, saving most of the threatened government jobs and services.

The specter of a general strike vanished without a trace. The minorities kept quiet in the state's ghettos and barrios, while the middle class, triumphant, turned happily back to its television sets and barbecues. Soon Jerry Brown, in the words of local wags, emerged as "Jerry Jarvis": The old man himself, Howard Jarvis, the father of Proposition Thirteen, went out of his way to praise the governor's handling of the crisis.

In the midst of all this, Attorney General Younger made the worst mistake of his hitherto successful political career: He decided he needed a

vacation, although his obvious political and bureaucratic task was to prepare the legal defense for Proposition Thirteen, and took off for Hawaii's sandy beaches. While Younger worked on his tan, Brown was able to seize center stage.

By the time the Republican candidate returned, the Governor had taken possession of the "tax revolt" and was proposing his own measure to limit



Jeff Stern

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*Joel Kotkin reports from California for The Washington Post and other publications.*



government spending. Younger, the Republican Party, and the entire conservative element in the state were hopelessly outmaneuvered. The biggest opportunity for conservative gains since the Berkeley riots had been blown.

"I can't believe we've let that bastard get away with it," moaned John Kern, chief press spokesman for the Republicans in the State Assembly. "A few weeks ago Brown was going around the state campaigning like crazy against Thirteen. Now he's acting like he wrote it and getting away with it. He has absolutely no principles. I can't believe the job he's done with this."

**A**t this writing, according to private polls, Jerry Brown is leading Younger by at least eight to ten percentage points. Once again the Republicans face disaster in the legislative races and the prospect of becoming a permanent minority. Brown, now on the offensive, is using the media to chip away at Younger's image as a competent, if dull, administrator — the model public servant.

Even members of the law enforcement community are gathering around Brown, ready to denounce Younger on the law-and-order issue. Other weaknesses in Younger's record — including his penchant for spending public money on such perquisites as a shower in his office — are being used to neutralize whatever sting remains in the tax issue. Younger, with fifteen years of public service, is being put in the peculiar position of having more of a record to defend than the incumbent he is trying to unseat.

The chances of a Younger comeback — and, thus, of the destruction of Jerry Brown's political career — are made even slimmer by the Republican candidate's boring public image. His delivery, in person or on the television screen, puts people to sleep. Younger's leading opponent for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, former Los Angeles Police Chief Edward Davis, aptly described the Attorney General as "about as exciting as a mashed potato sandwich."

At this point it would take an incredible blunder by Brown to blow the election and that, as his marvelously deft treatment of the Proposition Thir-

teen crisis showed, is not his style. Those who follow California politics closely are coming to realize that Brown is a superb practitioner. Such leading Republican strategists as Stuart Spencer, who steered Ronald Reagan into the governor's chair and helped Gerald Ford win the Presidential nomination at Kansas City, are already despondent over the prospect of having to deal with Brown. Younger, Spencer recently told a group of Republican fund-raisers, had "better wake up soon and start to recognize he is challenging one of the best politicians in America."

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## **'Trying to get a bead on this administration is like sticking your fork in a piece of jello'**

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**T**he same advice could be offered to Jimmy Carter. Before Brown performed his human pretzel act on Proposition Thirteen, most of the governor's insiders had virtually abandoned their hopes for a 1980 challenge to Carter; now they seem to be spoiling for a fight. The handling of Thirteen has encouraged them to start picturing their boss as a leader of Churchillian stature. "Acting in a crisis is the true crucible of leadership," insists campaign manager and image-molder Gray Davis. "Now Jerry has proven to the world he's a real live leader. No one should have any doubts after this."

While Brown's political star rises, his strategists are gleefully watching Carter's tumble — at least in the polls. A heady sense of arrogant superiority prevails in Sacramento. "Oh, sure, we can beat those guys," one Brown strategist told me recently. "They are in it way over their heads. All the Carter people did before going to Washington was run some pipsqueak, Mickey Mouse state. We've been running the world's eighth leading industrial power."

Now that the nation's only Buddhist governor has been reincarnated, it becomes urgent to ask what kind of alternative he might offer to Carter.

Having used Howard Jarvis's right-wing rhetoric to snatch rebirth from the jaws of death, Brown has given liberals and progressives cause to doubt the depth of his commitment to their ideals.

Brown himself eschews political labels, preferring to identify himself with one issue at a time, never with a systematic approach to a series of issues. "I really don't like to talk in ideological terms," he told me last spring, "They don't mean anything to me and I don't think they mean much to most people." Like his potential adversary, Jimmy Carter, Brown puts a

premium on imagery, on symbolic gestures. He prefers the right reaction to self-propelled action.

"Trying to get a bead on this administration is like sticking your fork in a piece of jello," one frustrated Republican leader said recently. "It just wobbles there, going to the left, the right, the center, with the political wind." Few of Brown's intimates would disagree; most see it as a virtue, a sign of their commitment to the people's sovereignty.

"What's so great to sticking to a position just for the sake of sticking to it?" asks Richard Silberman, Brown's chief of staff. "I think Jerry does change positions because he has an open mind to what people are thinking. I believe he's one of the greatest living examples of the democratic process at work we have in the nation today."

Faith in democracy, however, is only part of the reason for Brown's ability to switch positions so resourcefully. Within his "inner circle" there are hardened rationales for almost any course of action, based on a strange combination of Zen logic, existential philosophy, and other metaphysical components, all stirred into a rich stew with political pragmatism. The guiding principle is that

reality is something perceived rather than something that exists — you are whatever people see you as.

“What’s the difference between being an effective person and seeming to be effective in front of a camera?” asks Jacques Barzaghi, Brown’s chauffeur and confidant. “There isn’t any, of course,” he quickly answers.

Anyone stubborn enough to try to cut through the Brown imagery and judge him by his programs is bound to come away confused. On some issues, particularly those concerning the farm workers and his courageous lead in taking California off the nuclear roller-

ry,” explains one close adviser, Stewart Brand, publisher of the hip do-it-yourself *New Evolution Quarterly*. “If you could put his politics into words — which I’m not sure you can — I’d call it a conservatism that’s easily bored.”

It seems likely that Brown’s strategy, at least until he passes his November test, will be to stay toward the Right, where he believes the political action is at the moment. He has already taken this tack on the crucial issue of rent control rebates, steadfastly opposing legislation to force landlords to pass on their huge Proposition Thirteen sav-

with the Jack-in-the-Box hamburger chain, Jerry Brown has ready access to high echelons of the nation’s business community. Through his *de facto* allies, Cesar Chavez of the United Farm Workers and former SDS leader Tom Hayden, he has developed ties with the radical chic elite across the country. Through his minority and women appointees, he has gained access to most minority and feminist groups.

Perhaps the most important task for Brown, however, will be keeping his lines open to Howard Jarvis’s volatile army of the middle class. If he holds substantial support among these disgruntled small property owners, Brown will win easily this fall. With their backing in 1980, he could depose an incumbent President.

## **‘Except for Ted Kennedy . . . no politician has as much going for him now as Jerry Brown’**

coaster, Brown seems to qualify as the bright young liberal hope. On others, such as his firing of an aide for writing obscenities on state stationery, he can appear as a neoconservative puritan.

Applying his “era of limits” philosophy, Brown has sought to cut back California’s welfare state even more drastically than did his predecessor, Ronald Reagan. In his first two years in office, Brown proposed to trim programs for the disadvantaged ranging from paraplegics to the emotionally disturbed. If he tells the Urban League one day about the need for more Federal programs to aid the poor, the next day he is likely to be recommending reductions in such items in his own state budget.

“What gets to you after a while,” says one former member of his administration, “is the overwhelming feeling that Jerry doesn’t care — that no matter what he says, he will only do what’s good for him.”

Brown’s closest confidants, however, see their man as something new — neither a traditional conservative nor a liberal, but an independent who comes up with the novel approaches needed in these changing times. “Labels mean nothing to Jer-

ings. His alternative — urging landlords to offer voluntary rent reductions — has won the strong support of Howard Jarvis.

Whether this conservative approach will change as Brown maneuvers for position against Jimmy Carter is an open question. Unless Senator Edward M. Kennedy enters the race, there is no ready-made candidate for the youthful Left of the Democratic Party, which is already deeply disenchanted with the President. Brown could suddenly shift to the Left, stressing such issues as his solar-oriented, anti-nuclear energy policy.

For the present, however, Brown prefers not to challenge Carter on the issues. Except for an occasional rousing call to action addressed to dispirited minority or liberal audiences, Brown steers clear of open criticism of the President.

It seems likely that Brown will prepare for 1980 the way Carter prepared for 1976. He will try to piece together a grab-bag coalition, gathering all of the various strands of disenchantment with the present Administration.

With the help of his father, former Governor Edmund (Pat) Brown, and Richard Silberman, once an executive

**I**n California, this fragile, far-flung series of alliances is propped up by the state’s economic boom. Last year, that meant an industrial growth rate 13 per cent higher than the nation’s. So long as the boom continues, everyone in the Brown alliance should stay in place this fall, guaranteeing reelection.

California’s good fortunes may also help Brown on the national level. Healthy growth rates have strong appeal to almost everyone in the developing Brown coalition — perhaps most of all to those living in the stagnating economies of the East. And Hollywood’s growing hegemony over the national culture could give added luster to a Brown Presidential bid. As consort to singer Linda Ronstadt and the designated candidate of such entertainment moguls as RCA’s Lew Wasserman, Brown may be able to draw on deep financial wells and hosts of celebrity endorsements.

Except for Ted Kennedy — whose entry into the 1980 Presidential race would place all bets in jeopardy — no politician, Democrat or Republican, has as much going for him now as Jerry Brown. As his deft handling of Proposition Thirteen revealed, Brown has a profound understanding of the public mood and ample skills with which to exploit it. The question that remains, however, is in whose interests those skills are likely to be employed. ■

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# Must we all go back to school?

## The pitfalls of compulsory adult education

**David Lisman and John Ohliger**

**C**ontinuing or adult education is a growth industry," Meg Greenfield recently wrote in *Newsweek*, and she was right: It is. Adult education programs in industry and the professions, in universities, community colleges, public schools, and other establishment institutions now command tax, corporate, and personal dollars that may rival the money spent on education for children and young people.

An essential characteristic of these ventures, Greenfield asserted, is that participation is purely voluntary: "You are there on your own motion. It's got nothing to do with flunking or passing or external standards or familiar commands." And she added that there is "no formal obligation to do anything." But there she was wrong: For many millions of adults, continuing education is compulsory. And it is not an opportunity but a threat.

Put yourself in their position: You have been at a new job for some time, and just as you believe you're getting the hang of things, you receive an inter-office memo advising you that you are expected to take a course in office management designed to help you "upgrade your skills." Is this a potential learning experience that, again in Greenfield's words, "begins to take shape as a great and absolutely consuming adventure," or is it an added

burden — more likely to engender a sense of dread as you worry that your bosses doubt you are on top of your job? So it's back to the classroom, not because you want to, but because you have to.

Though adult education has generally been characterized as voluntary, in the past two decades it has taken on a compulsory tinge — not only as a result of pressure from employers, but also because of the passage of many state and Federal laws. Years ago an adult education official of the U.S. Office of Education predicted that soon "the middle-aged dropout may find himself running from a truant officer."

Is this thrust toward compulsory adult education a healthy trend — especially when it is combined with other tendencies toward compulsion in our society? The question is rarely raised among the leadership of universities and public schools. Not only are these institutions adjusting to the new requirements and providing services to meet them, but — confronted with declining enrollments and rising costs — they are actually lobbying for more.

**T**he annual national conference of the Adult Education Association of the U.S.A., which thousands attended last November, brought a new focus to this issue: Roby Kidd, secretary-general of the prestigious International Council for Adult Education (the Honorary President of the Council is Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere), warned in an address summarizing the conference, "Instead of a careful review of what is happening,

some adult educators have accepted the legislation [for mandatory continuing education] with approval or with glee. It seems that we are pathetically pleased to be wanted, to be recognized even for the wrong reason, and we have been quick to see that in the short run there may be money to be made by offering programs to people who are legally compelled to attend some activities."

The extent of the problem becomes manifest when we examine some of the many areas in which continuing education is compulsory. The most rigidly entrenched are the military services and public school teaching. Few privates — or even generals — are in a position to turn down orders or "suggestions" that they take courses. And the "Mickey Mouse" in-service courses required of teachers are a notorious waste of time. But the trend has become especially evident in those fields where education is a mandatory condition of relicensing. Some form of continuing education is now required for fourteen professions in forty-five states, and most other states are considering such laws or regulations.

The health field is particularly vulnerable. Precise data are difficult to find, but at least seventeen states require continuing education for doctors, eight for dentists, and eleven for nurses. Thirty-seven states have requirements for nursing-home administrators, forty-five for optometrists, fifteen for pharmacists, and eighteen for veterinarians. By November 1979, physicians in New York State must have completed a continuing medical education program specified by the

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state's medical society to maintain their membership in the group.

The Federal Government vigorously supports mandatory continuing education in the health field. In 1972, the Commission on Medical Malpractice of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare recommended that states revise licensing laws for *all* health occupations "to require periodic reregistration... based upon proof of participation in continuing medical education programs." The National Health Insurance bill that eventually will be passed is certain to require, in the

the "choice" of taking a course, paying a fine, or going to jail. Prisoners often take vocational or academic training — when they can get it — not for what they will learn, but to enhance their opportunity for parole.

Parents of "juvenile delinquents" are sometimes ordered by the courts to obtain family guidance from social service agencies, and social workers confide that some families receiving food stamps have been pressured to participate in nutrition programs. In some cities, illiterates on welfare are ordered to enroll in adult basic education classes. Even those taking courses

existence of adults as it has been in past generations for children."

**M**uch of this "friendly" coercion seems to be a consequence of the oppressive way work is organized in our hierarchical, technological society. The work force is highly segmented. Skills are constantly being rendered obsolete — a means of maintaining the power of economic elites. Management enjoys the confidence of knowing that workers seldom acquire a taste of what it is like to be in charge of what they are doing. Their continuing dependence is, therefore, assured.

There was a time when people learned together on the job, but we have moved toward a more formal learning process in which competence is measured not by performance but by licenses or credentials. Personal assessment of the worth of a vocation has given way to the measurement of competence by courses taken and examinations passed. An individual's confidence in his or her skills is often undermined by the possibility that a new program may be around the corner that will render those skills obsolete.

Part of the pressure for mandatory continuing education results, of course, from public demand for greater professional accountability. The demand is understandable in a society that often makes us feel we have lost personal control of our lives to vast, impersonal services and organizations. We wonder whether we are being overcharged by physicians and lawyers, whether recommended surgery is necessary, whether our elders are being treated properly in nursing homes. Requiring coursework of the professionals who serve us is one way of meeting our concerns. But is it a valid way, and does it really provide the accountability we seek?

The hard question those of us genuinely concerned about professional accountability must ask is this: Are we being co-opted into accepting mandatory coursework as a shield against true public accountability? After all, in whose hands does such accountability repose? Certainly not in the public's. Accountability today relies on the governmental agencies and professional organizations which provide the licenses and credentials — and which

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## **'... true competence is not merely technical competence; it includes some concept of political and economic morality. . . .'**

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words of one of its supporters, "strict quality care mechanisms for all providers, including requirements for continuing education."

And the health field is merely symptomatic of what is happening. Twenty-three states now subject certified public accountants to continuing education, and seven states require it for lawyers. Many local, state, and Federal employees, such as policemen, firemen, and agricultural extension agents, are compelled to enroll in courses to qualify for pay raises, promotions, or tenure. There are similar pressures on architects and even on members of the clergy. All indications are that mandatory continuing education will become a fact of life for every professional subject to licensing.

Employees of industrial corporations are increasingly being pushed into "organizational development programs" and other training courses. One study concluded that managements which provide "opportunities" for continuing education believe that those who do not take advantage of them "are not worth attempting to salvage."

Nor is this new "growth industry" confined to job-related education. Traffic offenders are frequently given

through the Federal Work Incentive Program sometimes find they are threatened with the termination of welfare payments if they want to drop out. And former Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz has recommended that older citizens be *required* to go back to school "as a way of making their lives more rewarding."

The 1976 Higher and Vocational Education Act authorized \$20 million in 1977, ranging up to \$40 million in 1979, for the development of "lifelong learning," a broadly interpreted concept that includes "educational activities designed to upgrade occupational and professional skills." In support of the bill, Congress stated that "the American people *need* lifelong learning to enable them to adjust to social, technological, political, and economic changes." (Emphasis added.)

Malcolm Knowles, a prominent professor of adult education, has predicted that "by 1980 it will be an accepted fact of life in our culture that adults will attend educational institutions, engaging in educational activities, as it is now accepted that all children engage in educational experiences. Adult education will become, I am very confident, as much a part of the day-in-day-out

usually put the interests of the professionals they serve ahead of the public interest. Until we achieve a genuinely democratic society, our desire for true accountability can only be frustrated by the irrelevant insistence on continuing education.

It is reasonable, of course, to expect professionals to be competent in their fields and to keep up with those developments that are essential to their specialties. But true competence is not merely *technical* competence. It includes some concept of political and economic morality, as the author of the first muckraking book on nursing home abuses, *Tender Loving Greed*, has pointed out. All the required courses for nursing home administrators may not change a single "incompetent" practice that results from the values held by the administrators and the power they enjoy.

Furthermore, we must be careful not to assume there is an automatic link between technical competence and education. The "knowledge explosion" that appears to require continuous updating for professionals, para-professionals, and others serving specialized functions — spouses, parents, automobile drivers — poses an acute dilemma: If the professional must function in a context of ever more demanding specialized knowledge, how can the public *ever* be assured the professional will be able to keep up? A recent article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* cited several studies showing a lack of evidence that continuing education improves specific health practices. Besides, most of the difficulties in our relations with professionals stem not from lack of competence but from lack of caring — and no amount of required education can assure us that we will be attended by professionals who care.

Still, doesn't it make sense to compel welfare recipients and illiterates and poor people into learning how to read and write and take better care of themselves? It does not — first because such requirements generally fail to accomplish their goals, and second

because they further enmesh people in an oppressive system while raising unrealistic expectations that their lives can be improved when, in fact, they seldom can be without addressing the economic conditions in which they are forced to live. Poor black people in Detroit who were hired and trained for factory work in the 1960s through the efforts of the National Alliance of Businessmen were the first laid off when economic conditions worsened and Government money dried up. What minimal value these programs may have for specific individuals is usually mitigated by the impact of

compulsory adult education as a "misguided movement."

Allied with these positive counter-trends is political opposition to mandatory continuing education in such fields as nursing and law. And Colorado's Sunset Act is beginning to shut down state licensing agencies that cannot prove their need to exist, thus eliminating continuing education as a requirement on relicensing. This has become a pattern for other states to adopt.

Mandatory adult education is certainly not the worst form of oppression, nor is it even the most salient in-

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**' . . . most of the difficulties in our relations with professionals stem not from lack of competence but from lack of caring. . . . '**

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further bureaucratic intrusion into their lives.

**P**aradoxical as it may seem at first glance, the great counterforce to the thrust toward a compulsory instructional society may be individual and informal educational activities. There is some basis for hope in the nonstandard alternatives offered by Paulo Freire and his associates in small, politically liberating discussion work with illiterates and others; in the radical educational activity of Myles Horton and the Highlander Research and Education Center, which is now undergoing a resurgence under new, young leadership; in the new learning exchanges where no credentials are required or certificates awarded, and in the free universities, which are experiencing a rebirth. A new book, Ronald Gross's *The Lifelong Learner* (Simon and Schuster), is gaining national attention. He points to these and other alternatives and characterizes

education of the malaise that besets our society. But since the rhetoric of the value of education is so powerful in American life, and since mandatory education is so closely linked to the technological thrust, resistance and the fostering of alternatives may be one of the best ways we can stimulate public discussion of the more sweeping political, social, and economic issues that confront us. ■

## Contact

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# Alarm

## A cheap plastic affair . . . ticking. . . .

**Milton Mayer**

**I**t was the finest of Saturday afternoons, the kind of Saturday afternoon a Parisian would not be caught dead at home on.

But an American almost was.

All the tenants of the court were out promenading. So was Mlle. Eagle-Eye, the concierge. It was just the right day of the week, and the right time of day, for what the French call an *attentat*, by which they mean no mere attempt but an attempted crime of capital consequence.

M. et Ms. Bebe Mayer were among the tenants who were out promenading hand-in-hand — this was Paris, you understand — along the Rue de l'Annonciation and thence zigzag through the Place de Costa-Rica to the terrace of the Museum of Man in the Trocadero Gardens, there to be unmanned by a one-buck cup of coffee.

Our apartment, or flat, was actually that of the Famille Gregoire, who were letting us use it while they were away. M. Gregoire is, of course, the distinguished French journalist.

Two bucks the poorer, Ms. Bebe and I returned from our promenade, entered the court from the street, and went up the staircase to the front (and only) entrance to the flat.

There, just outside the door, its back to the wall, was an orange alarm clock.

Ticking.

I picked it up — and then recovered my presence of mind and put it down. I looked at it for a bit and then bent soundlessly over and looked at it *face a*

*face* (as we Parisians say). It was a cheap plastic affair, considerably knocked about. The alarm was set for 6 and the hands showed 5:40. And the thing — the clock — was ticking.

Now, we Americans have no end of murder and massacre, but no politics. We kill for money, or for love, or (as in Vietnam) to keep the boys, and especially the black boys, off the streets. Having no politics, we have no political terrorism (or, as the Patty Hearst playpen set calls it, guerrilla warfare).

Europe has no murder or massacre to speak of, but no end of politics and therefore no end of political terrorism. Europeans are acutely aware of what they're up against. On the buses and subway trains in London are placards reading, in large caps, IF YOU SEE AN UNATTENDED PACKAGE OR BAG IN THIS CAR, and then, in red letters, DON'T TOUCH IT, followed by instructions for stopping the vehicle and calling the Bomb Squad. And: KEEP YOUR LUGGAGE WITH YOU. One day I set my shopping bag down in Selfridge's meat department and moseyed along the counter looking for a fattened budgie, or chicken, when a man came up to me, fastened my good eye with his, and said, "Please pick up your bag."

In Paris the terrorism — generally, but not always, imported — never subsides. Ideologists of all kinds and from all over kill each other in Paris every day; the day before Ms. Bebe and I found the orange alarm clock a couple of Iraqi and a couple of PLOs shot it out. Explosions in Paris are a dime a dozen.

So I looked narrowly at the cheap orange alarm clock now showing 5:45, shoved Ms. Bebe into the flat, closed the door, and went steaming down the stone stairs and out the court and into the beauty shop next door, where, after hours, the beauticians were enjoying what the French call a *snorkle*. I told them about the alarm clock and said apologetically, having just learned that the French for per cent is *pour cent*, "Ninety-nine per cent it's an alarm clock." But the beauticians weren't listening to me. One of them was already on the hot line and another was running down the street in the direction of the police station.

An elderly woman in button shoes and a quaver entered the beauty shop and asked what was going on and when one of the beauticians told her said, with a quaver, "*Extremement bizarre*." Apparently it was no joke, not in Paris.

Ten eternally long minutes later — 5:55 — the screech of the iron-screened paddy wagon, known in Paris as the *panier de salade*, or salad basket, was heard in the Rue de l'Annonciation and eight bluecoats, or *flics*, leaped out and, when I pointed to the stairway to the flat, went tearing, all eight of them, up the stairs — but not all the way up.

Halfway up they stood staring at the orange alarm clock. When one of them asked me if it was running — they could have heard it running if they hadn't been breathing so hard — I said, "*Oui*," and they began backing down the stairs. Then one of them asked me if I knew if the alarm was set and I said, "*Oui*," again, and he asked me if I knew what time it was set for,

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Milton Mayer is *The Progressive's* roving editor.

and I said, "Oui — seess." They all eight of them looked at their watches and backed all the way down the stairs.

It was 6 o'clock.

Four of them left the court to summon the Bomb Squad, and four of them subjected me to interrogation (*demembrement*, in French). They examined my "papers" closely, with special attention to the month and day of my birth, which, in their provincial view, was the 8th day of the 24th month. They gave up on that one, and on me, when one of them told the others that I was only an American professor.

I didn't let on that I was a fake professor but a genuine journalist because I did not want to get involved in further *demembrement*. Once upon a time we journalists were not journalists but newspapermen, with holes in our pants, but now we have wages, hours, and working conditions, and people pay attention to us; so we are likely targets for terrorists. Of course they knew that M. Gregoire was a journalist — itself a good reason for them to be worried about the orange alarm clock (and for people miles around to be worried about it).

They told me to stay in the court and asked me who the lady (*dame*) in the flat was. I told them that that was no *dame*, that was *ma femme*, and I had a good chuckle over that one. They asked me if she knew enough to stay there and stay away from the door, and I said I hoped so (cheerfully, I thought), but they only stared. "Formidable," I said to myself.

I went out of the court to see if the Bomb Squad was coming, and what it looked like, but one of the *flics* jumped out of the salad basket and told me to get back in the court. Whoever was after my host obviously didn't know he was away and might mistake me for



Jeff Stern

him (though I am rather good-looking).

Ms. Bebe did not come to a window overlooking the court to see how I was or if she might lower me a snorkle of Saint-Emilion. I visualized her huddled in the corner of the flat farthest from the door.

I thought I might beguile the time — theirs as well as mine — and reduce the tension by engaging the bluecoats in *badinage*. I said heartily, "What if it is an alarm clock, after all?" and again, "Anybody want to buy an orange alarm clock as is?" and yet again, "Why shouldn't a distinguished journalist like M. Gregoire have an alarm clock outside his door, if he wants one?" These sallies and surmises drew no response (*reponse*) whatever, so I desisted from saying that when you come to think of it, an alarm clock is an infernal machine.

6:21. The hee-haw siren of another *panier de salade* is heard. "Ah," said one of the bluecoats, in French, "*la laboratoire*."

*La laboratoire* was a junior accountant type in horn-rimmed glasses and a suit woven from the bones of a shiny brown herring. He was carrying an in-

significant apparatus of some sort, and no satchel; altogether an unprepossessing and unreassuring personage. Without stopping — or hurrying — he shook hands with one of the top-kick *flics* and went all the way up the stairs.

Nobody followed him.

**H**e was up there alone a long time. I stood with the *flics* at the bottom of the stairway looking up — and listening. I could hear the apparatus ticking, now softer, now louder, now louder, now softer.

When he came down he had the pieces of the dismembered (*demembree*) alarm clock in his hands. He said something to the top-kick *flic* and left.

"What was it?" I said to the *flic*.

"An alarm clock."

I went up the stairs, *bounded* up the stairs, and rang the bell and Ms. Bebe opened the door and took me in her arms and murmured, "*Mon heros*." I dropped my gaze modestly, and she said, tremulously, "What was it?" "An alarm clock," I said, and Ms. Bebe dropped me on the floor, gaze and all. ■

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# Will Youngstown point the way?

## A devastated steel town tries to survive

**Deborah Baldwin**

**F**ive years ago nobody gave Youngstown, Ohio, a second thought. It was just another fading steel town, a relic of the years when steel was America's number one industry and steelworkers the fastest growing labor force in the country.

Today, all that has changed, and the fate of Youngstown's steelworkers has become a national preoccupation. The business pages of major papers are glutted with updates of the Youngstown story. More surprisingly, this formerly obscure, middle-American community of 150,000, tucked away in Ohio's Mahoning Valley, is being touted as a potential testing ground for new and provocative alternatives to the traditional corporate control of the economy that made steel towns possible in the first place.

It all began a year ago, when the Lykes Corporation, an otherwise obscure New Orleans shipping firm, announced without warning that it was shutting down one of its distant subsidiaries — Youngstown Sheet and Tube's Campbell Works. In one of the most dramatic plant closings in recent history, more than 4,200 well-paid, highly trained steelworkers were instantly added to the ranks of the unemployed.

The press poured in. It was almost as if dispatches about the Youngstown disaster served as a prism through which other industrial workers could

recognize their own vulnerability. The story made good copy. In a matter of months the region turned into a national political eyesore.

But the September layoffs were just the beginning. In the year that has followed, Youngstown has experienced a series of wrenching corporate maneuvers. In a controversial move that required U.S. Justice Department approval, Lykes merged with an even bigger conglomerate, the LTV Corporation, which also owns steel plants in the area. The new partnership could help or hurt the local economy — nobody seems certain which. Many smaller factories have gone out of business.

Meanwhile, U.S. Steel, the granddaddy of the industry, has announced it, too, will shed a local subsidiary and in so doing lay off an additional 5,000 men and women. Even the good news has turned out to be bad news: Last June something called the ICX Aviation Corporation announced it would build a \$150 million airplane factory in Youngstown, employing up to 4,500 workers; later the people of Youngstown realized that ICX consisted primarily of one entrepreneur who, at the time he made his announcement, hadn't even cleared the plane's design with the Federal Aviation Administration.

In a sense, Youngstown has become a symbol of the worst effects of capitalism gone awry, of a world where distant corporate mergers, remote board room actions, and sales of stock thousands of miles away can have life or death consequences for a city and its inhabitants.

Economic woes are not new to steelworkers, of course. America's former preeminence in steelmaking has been slowly eroding for decades, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube is hardly the best known of the companies currently undergoing financial upheaval. So why is Youngstown different? Why, in this of all places, are citizens, workers, and church leaders sitting down with reform-minded economists and talking about social change?

The overriding reason, perhaps, is that Youngstown's citizens refuse to take the recent plant closings lying down. The community has a stubborn belief in itself and its ability to survive. If change is what is needed, many are willing at least to discuss it. And something new and important may be emerging from the discussions.

**L**ykes's purchase of Youngstown Sheet and Tube in 1969 was one of the more bizarre matches of the merger-crazed 1960s. With hopes pinned on Youngstown's then-generous cash flow, the \$137 million Lykes shipping firm managed to swallow whole a steel "subsidiary" worth seven times that much.

Lykes was making a gamble. With a dilettante's fascination for new things, Lykes then used Youngstown as a cash mine to finance a variety of novel ventures ranging from cargo ships to life insurance. When it came time to repair and modernize the steel mills, the necessary capital wasn't available. The multifaceted conglomerate had shifted it to other parts of the country.

Lykes's treatment of Youngstown was analogous to a bank using savings

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accounts accrued in one neighborhood to finance development in another. And, like urban victims of neighborhood "redlining" who have begun to take action against the banking monopolies, the steelworkers of Youngstown became galvanized when the history of the merger was made known. Their jobs, after all, were on the line — along with their families, homes, and livelihoods.

Even at the time of the merger, which took place when such things were routinely accepted, there were rumblings that something was wrong. An internal Justice Department memo dating back to 1969, recently turned up by *The Washington Post*, predicted what eventually happened: The merger from its outset endangered Youngstown Sheet and Tube's "competitive viability."

What that meant was that the plant began slipping as soon as Lykes took over. Had there been an unprecedented upswing in global demand for steel between 1970 and 1977, mismanagement of the Youngstown facility would not necessarily have driven it out of business. But the expected boom never materialized. Equipment — and morale — began to deteriorate. In nine short years, a company with a former annual cash flow of about \$100 million was drained dry — a process that ended with the plant's closing in September 1977. In the words of one steelworker, "Lykes came here and raped us and took the goods away."

But the people of Youngstown had too much at stake to remain passive. Almost overnight, a local religious coalition was formed and began discussing ways to save Youngstown's fragile economy. We'll buy the plant if necessary and run it ourselves, the group said. At first no one took such talk seriously. But in time the suggestion sounded better and better, until it became, in essence, the only solution anyone talked about.

**I**n the 1920s and 1930s, the heyday of American steelmaking, the Mahoning Valley drew thousands of foreign-born families west. Today, the Youngstown area is still predominantly Italian, Czechoslovak, and Polish. Unlike many American com-

munities, Youngstown was built by people who planned to stay. People there don't invest in stocks and bonds; they own their homes, and their mortgages are their equity.

In many communities, the clergy worry about raising money for the church or synagogue — not for the community itself. But in Youngstown there is a unique brand of religious activism that has allowed churches of many denominations to take a lead in helping to redefine Youngstown's economic future. Priests and ministers automatically see their roles as extending far beyond typical parish responsibilities.

The Reverend Edward Stanton, who helps head Youngstown's ecumenical coalition, speaks frankly and to the point: "What we're talking about is social action, not social services," he once said. "We're not just going to put Band-Aids on the wounds. Social action is finding the SOB who inflicted the wounds." For Stanton, and others, blending that kind of moral outrage with political organizing has proved to be one of the primary challenges facing Youngstown.

Two months after the announced shutdown, fifty members of the religious coalition released a biting indictment of Lykes's treatment of the community. Conceding that the situation was complex and difficult to blame on any single factor, the group stressed the moral issues underlying the corporation's decision to leave: "Our Judeo-Christian tradition has articulated a highly developed social teaching with direct relevance to issues of economic justice. This tradition insists that economic life ought to reflect the values of justice and respect for human dignity. . . . Human beings and community life are higher values than corporate profits."

The coalition moved quickly from reflection to action. It flew in Gar Alperovitz, the flamboyant co-director of the National Center for Economic Alternatives, a research group based in Washington, D.C., to talk about locally oriented alternatives to Lykes's take-the-money-and-run procedure. Alperovitz was surprised by the welcome he received and by the coalition's open interest in change. (See "Building a Democratic Economy,"

by Gar Alperovitz and Jeff Faux, in *The Progressive*, July 1977.)

From Alperovitz's Washington perspective, Youngstown was in a unique position to do more than cry over lost jobs. Youngstown is a city with big ambitions, and it was quickly recognized as a place where political mobilization coupled with "a morally exciting campaign" could win national attention. In the process, Youngstown would show similarly weakened communities throughout the country how to take hold of their own economic futures.

"What's needed is a model to ad-

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## **'Social action is finding the SOB who inflicted the wounds'**

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dress larger needs," Alperovitz said, "and therefore capable of getting larger support. Youngstown is a symbol of disaster. It could become a symbol of positive directions."

He returned to Washington and drew up plans for a massive revitalization study that would emphasize community control over future economic development. Since the Campbell Works was itself the focal point, the plant — however delapidated — would have to be reopened. That was a political reality. But how to reopen it differently?

Using \$300,000 in funds from the Department of Housing and Urban Development, Alperovitz's Center set about studying various options.

Out-and-out worker control of the steel plant — an alternative favored by some economic reformers (see "Workplace Democracy: A Strategy for Survival," by Daniel Zwerdling, in *The Progressive*, August 1978) was rejected as too extreme: Most examples of successful worker management operate on a relatively small scale, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube is a huge, complex, sprawling company. In any event, steelworkers are not interested in a worker-management model; com-

fortable with the old adversary relationship and its hard-won benefits, they are leery of melting their jobs into management's.

Alperovitz also realized that a revitalization plan would need money — lots of it — and would require some conventional financing. A preliminary study had estimated that simply reopening the Campbell Works would cost at least \$50 million; hundreds of millions of dollars more would be needed for the plant to catch up with its competition.

On the other hand, some degree of worker management was attractive

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## **'The town has . . . an uncanny commitment to survival. . . .'**

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because it usually results in higher productivity. And only by dramatically increasing its output could Sheet and Tube begin to turn a profit.

It seems fitting that in this country, at least, increased productivity has proved to be the worker-management movement's primary defense. Workers with a vested interest in the company work harder because the results show up in their personal profits. As one report for the National Center pointed out, "...worker-owned firms can function efficiently and profitably. Furthermore...the single most important correlate of profitability among the aspects of ownership measured was the per cent of the company's equity owned by the non-managerial employees. The greater this percentage, the greater the profitability of the company."

The report went on to state that efforts to increase productivity by merely increasing the work force's participation in management decisions will backfire if workers perceive they are not receiving money proportionate to the increase in productivity.

So the challenge became one of creating a structure to increase the workers' share of profits without

releasing them from traditional "non-managerial" roles.

Five alternatives were examined, ranging from cooperatively owned enterprises (such as the wood mill co-ops popular in the Northwest) to standard corporate ownership. The Center not only considered managerial feasibility under each scheme but the opportunities for financing.

A final report still is being drafted, although preliminary recommendations released in May supported reopening Youngstown Sheet and Tube under a combination of community control, employee stock ownership, and outside financing.

**H**ere's how it would work: The new Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company would consist of several interlocking elements, each carefully designed to take advantage of a particular economic reality. A for-profit company would be set up to attract conventional investment, inside and outside the community. A non-profit community development corporation able, like the National Center for Economic Alternatives, to accept tax-deductible contributions and Government grants, would represent the community's interests, not only in terms of running the plant but in seeking to diversify the city's economy. Community leaders would serve on its board.

Through an employee stock ownership plan, workers would borrow money and purchase stock in the for-profit company and receive dividends. Similarly, local residents would own stock and be given some control over the corporation, while shareholders outside the community would have no actual voting power.

The United Steelworkers of America would continue to represent the employees. A highly trained and well-paid managerial staff would direct the company, reporting to a board of directors elected by Youngstown citizens, employees, and the community corporation.

The Center envisions a number of ways to finance the purchase and renovation of the Campbell Works and its two affiliated plants. (They are now owned by the LTV Corporation, which, despite pressure from the

religious coalition, was given a Justice Department go-ahead to merge with Lykes without any stipulations about selling Youngstown Sheet and Tube to the community.) Sales of stock would help establish the profit-making arm of the operation, and Government guarantees would insure private loans.

As part of the campaign to bring attention — and help — to Youngstown, the local coalition initiated an effort called Save Our Valley, whose chief aim is to encourage members of the community, along with such well-heeled friends as the United Auto Workers, to establish "good faith" savings accounts expressing support for the cause. By early August, \$4.4 million had been placed in banks by individuals, local steelworker unions, and others outside the community.

In New York City, meanwhile, a branch office is carrying out a public-relations effort. By reaching out to national church groups, universities, and others, the coalition hopes to broaden the base of its support outside Youngstown, thus keeping it in the national limelight. David Robb, who works with the New York office, thinks the effort will be worthwhile no matter what the long-term outcome. "Win or lose," he says, "the campaign will have enormous impact on other communities."

A key voice in all this — the Federal Government — still hasn't been heard from, although it seems reasonable to expect that some sort of development aid will reach Youngstown before the year is out.

If Federal money doesn't come in the form of loan guarantees and grants, it will certainly make its appearance in other forms; according to a recent study of the area by a group of economic consultants, doing nothing will cost Federal, state, and county taxpayers between \$34.2 and \$37.9 million between September 1977 and December 1980 — in unemployment benefits, welfare, food stamps, and assorted other assistance payments, not only for steelworkers and their families but for others hit by the rippling effect of the plant's closing.

According to the same study, reopening the Campbell Works would reduce the public loss by \$13.9 million to \$19.5 million by December 1980, if



all went as planned. An additional 3,500 jobs indirectly related to the plant's existence would evolve by January 1980.

Despite the persuasiveness of these figures, there are still significant questions about Youngstown's future. While there has been no mass exodus of workers yet, as unemployment benefits begin to dwindle the current trickle can be expected to swell. The town has a unique history and an uncanny commitment to survival, but Government policymakers may decide nonetheless that aiding an isolated steel plant in Ohio makes little sense when so many other communities across the country face similar problems. Furthermore, the steel industry can't be expected to take kindly to Federal subsidies for a community-employee venture, and that is a political reality the Carter Administration is not likely to ignore.

Even some of the most avid supporters of the revitalization plan concede they may be chasing an impossible dream. "I've felt from the beginning that it's a real long shot," says one local organizer. "Chances of it working are probably less than of it not working. What we're trying to do is enormous."

**P**resident Carter could come to Youngstown's rescue in a number of ways. He could commit the Government to purchasing a certain amount of steel from the area over the next decade — for rail revitalization, say, or mass transit. He could personally endorse the concept of worker and community involvement in running the plant. By doing these things he would help turn Youngstown into the kind of national symbol that the economic reform movement needs.

The Youngstown proposal is not so much a radical alternative as it is a gutsy gamble for survival. But if it works, even on a limited scale, it will have challenged the power of distant corporations whose decisions affect the everyday lives of communities across the country. And that could be an important first step in the public's understanding of the economy and how we can help influence the way it operates in the future. ■

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## THE WAY WE SAW IT

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*These excerpts from articles and editorials published during The Progressive's sixty-nine year history have been edited only to achieve brevity. Unless an author's name is appended, the material was editorial comment.*

### **The new Asia**

Asia is on fire. Its billion human souls are caught up in what Adlai Stevenson has described as a "revolution of rising expectations." After centuries of bondage as coolies of Western colonialism they are determined that nothing will stand in their way of achieving national independence and carving out a better life for themselves and their children.

*Morris H. Rubin, June 1954*

### **Covering up for meat packers**

Public documents of the Department of Agriculture abound with glowing descriptions of the great efficiency and thoroughness of meat inspection, in direct contradiction of the facts. These documents, given the prestige of the government, and printed and circulated at government expense, are briefs by public officials to bolster up the business of the packers.

*June 1912*

### **The Atom, 1945**

If we cannot make democracy work in the richest nation on earth, we cannot export it to our enemies or our friends. If we cannot control ourselves, we cannot control the atom.

*Milton Mayer, November 1945*

### **Fear and loathing**

We are definitely committed to the militaristic theory that we cannot be safe even after our stupendous achievements and the demonstrated fact that no country on earth can compete with us as a fighting nation, excepting Russia, if we do not have armed men with tanks, airplanes, V-1 and V-2 bombs, atomic missiles all over the seven seas ready for some marauder to drop down from the skies.

*Oswald Garrison Villard, August 1945*

### **Civilization of skeletons?**

Alienated from nature, of which he is inescapably a part, man has become a kind of cosmic outlaw, armed with the most dangerous knowledge but without the humanity which should control its use. The result is a way of life which has no human future, a civilization of skeletons dancing a leaping dance at Alamogordo by the light of the bomb. For the first time in human history, man is afraid of man and of himself.

*Henry Beston, May 1948*

### **Private eye**

The worldwide intelligence activities of the U.S. government are carried on with little enough Congressional review. But the work of the biggest intelligence and espionage bureau of them all, the Central Intelligence Agency, remains the most heavily shrouded in mystery of any of the "spy" programs.

*October 1963*

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# Come to the arms bazaar

## An appropriate occasion for protest

**Michael T. Klare**

*"NOW! Display and Sell Your Products to the Design Engineers and Procurement Officials of the Prime Contractors and Systems Manufacturers in an Exclusive Military Electronics Environment."*

—advertisement for the Military Electronics Expo, Anaheim, Calif.

**E**very year, U.S. manufacturers display their wares in thousands of trade shows that fill up convention centers around the nation. These tend to be humdrum affairs, except perhaps for an occasional drunken brawl or late-night encounter with streetwalkers. But a few of these quintessential American events stand out in one notable respect: Instead of offering consumer products or industrial gear to conventional buyers, they display weapons and other implements of war to U.S. and foreign military officials. These Strangelovian affairs — sometimes called "arms bazaars" after Anthony Sampson's book of that title — are a conspicuous domestic sign of the extraordinary boom in world military spending.

Although Jimmy Carter promised in 1976 to reduce the U.S. defense budget and to tighten restrictions on foreign military sales, both domestic arms spending and export sales will reach record levels in fiscal 1979, which begins October 1. To reap the greatest possible benefits from this enormous bounty, many arms firms

are installing lavish displays at the various arms bazaars planned for the coming months. Most of these events are closed to the public — some even require visitors to have a "Secret" security clearance — but a few permit ordinary citizens to attend. Visitors to the upcoming Army Association convention, scheduled for October 16 to 18, can expect to witness the following:

As you approach the convention site — the Sheraton-Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. — you will see a steady stream of limousines delivering Pentagon officials, corporate executives, and military attaches from nearby embassies. A shuttle bus arrives every few minutes from the Pentagon, disgorging another throng of officers. The hotel lobby resembles a huge military recruiting station, with representatives of the various Army headquarters handing out brochures on the particular missions of their respective commands. Serious-minded visitors can attend seminars on current politico-military concerns, or attend a banquet presided over by the Secretary of the Army.

Entering the exhibit space itself, you are immediately approached by scantily clad young women (presumably models on temporary assignment) handing out corporate medallions and trying to steer you toward their clients' booths. Waiters — mostly black and Hispanic — hover discreetly with trays of highballs and martinis (the drinking begins at 10 a.m.). If you look like a Pentagon official, you are likely to be greeted by marketing personnel of the exhibiting firms, who will try to interest you in the latest model of

the "Mod-2001" flamethrower, or whatever it is their company produces.

Once you arrive at the display booth itself, you can see movies of the Mod-2001 in action, charts on its "kill effectiveness" and other capabilities, and technical reports on its design, manufacture, and utilization. At some of the arms bazaars visitors can actually place orders for a desired weapon on the spot, while at others, including the Army Association show, such transactions are technically prohibited — though whatever happens in a company's "hospitality suite" upstairs is another matter.

Until recently, these affairs received little attention from the general public or the antiwar movement. Last winter, however, outraged citizens in Miami, Florida, banded together to block a proposed arms bazaar in the Miami Beach Convention Center. After receiving a barrage of protests from the American Friends Service Committee and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, as well as from local Jewish organizations which viewed the affair as an undisguised come-on to Arab arms buyers, municipal officials withdrew their approval.

Now that bazaar has been rescheduled for Chicago in February 1979, and local groups are already planning a protest campaign similar to the one mounted in Miami. And, under the aegis of the Mobilization for Survival (MFS), a coalition of peace and environmental organizations, groups in California and on the East Coast are planning similar protests at other arms bazaars scheduled for this year:

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*Washington, D.C. — Army Association, October 16 to 18:* This is the annual convention of the Association of the United States Army (AUSA), an organization of Army personnel, retired officers, and defense contractors. The AUSA show, held at the Sheraton-Park Hotel on Woodley Road NW (off Connecticut Avenue), features displays by most major Army contractors. It is described as "a convenient, time-saving opportunity to see the new developments of a broad segment of industry." This event is normally open to the public, but the MFS has called for a demonstration at the hotel and tight security arrangements are likely. (For information, contact MFS, 1213 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19107.)

*Anaheim, California — Military Electronics Expo '78, November 14 to 16:* This event, described as "the first electronics exposition in America devoted strictly to military applications," will feature displays by manufacturers of missile guidance systems, radar and sonar, electronic warfare equipment, bomb and artillery targeting systems, and more. It is being organized by Industrial and Scientific Conference Management, Inc., of Chicago, and will be held in the Anaheim Convention Center. Local MFS groups are planning a protest at the site. (Contact MFS, 5539 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90019.)

*Chicago — Defense Technology '79, February 18 to 21, 1979:* This appears to be a reincarnation of the arms bazaar originally planned for Miami Beach and canceled because of community pressure. This time the sponsors — *Defense & Foreign Affairs* newsletter and DMS, Inc. (Defense Marketing Service) — are taking no chances and have scheduled the event for the International Exposition Center at remote O'Hare Airport. According to a promotional brochure, "In 1979, the major marketplace for the defense industry will be Defense Technology '79...the only gathering where a broad range of hardware and software will be assembled to be examined, analyzed and discussed by decision-makers, technical experts, and military procurement officers." The exhibit is to be closed to the public, but local

peace groups are planning a demonstration. (Contact MFS, 343 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60604.)

**A**lthough arms bazaars are not likely to rival nuclear plants as major demonstration sites in the coming year, there is a growing awareness in the peace movement that arms sales and the conventional arms race require increased public attention. Given the fact that preparation for conventional, non-nuclear war accounts

for some 90 per cent of world military spending, it is obvious that any program of even limited disarmament will have to involve constraints on conventional arms production.

Furthermore, the arms bazaars often display weapons that will ultimately be sold to countries whose military have been cited for gross violations of human rights. For many activists, however, it is simply the inherent immorality of the events themselves that renders the arms bazaars an appropriate occasion for protest. ■

## Prisoner of the arms trade

Prime Minister Fukuda of Japan visited the White House last spring in an effort to shed the embarrassment of his riches, in a money market where the dollar sinks and the yen stays shamefully afloat.

Fukuda was greeted with a novel suggestion from Russell Long of Louisiana, who as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee is something of an expert at contriving transient solutions to enduring problems. Japan, said Long, should start spending more money on defense. Then it could buy our military products and assist us toward a balance of our trade deficit.

After all, Long pointed out, the United States is spending 5 per cent of its Gross National Product on defense, and Japan is spending only 1 per cent. This comparison argues with splendid irony for the advantages of losing a war, especially to a generous and high-minded enemy. A blessing of defeat — disguised as a penalty — is the treaty of surrender that binds you to an eternity of abstaining from the maintenance of armies and the production of weapons. That pledge was extorted from both Germany and Japan, and, ever since they recovered, they have maintained the stablest

economies in the industrialized world.

War industries are, by definition, wasteful; and their excessive indifference to economy is a habit that carries over to defense industries. The carelessness of defense spending practices is so old a scandal by now that we are pretty well inured to it. But an even more disabling waste in the long run may well be the distraction of so much of our creative technology into weapons research. For all the complaints about them, our weapons are the only commodity to which American industry seems to devote enough ingenuity to result in a product that the rest of the world is especially anxious to buy.

President Carter can condemn the international arms trade with every piety; he is nonetheless its prisoner. A generation ago we set ourselves up to be the world's protector; and, now that the burden has finally borne us down, our hope of commercial stability rests upon our position as the world's prime dealer in instruments of death.

—MURRAY KEMPTON

(Murray Kempton is a regular commentator on the CBS Radio "Spectrum" series.)

# Doing business in Dubai

## The bigger the project, the greater the graft

**Bernard D. Nossiter**

**I**t was a "highly instructive" lesson in how to deal in Dubai, the chastened economics officer wrote his superiors in the State Department. For months, Wilson Nathaniel Howell and other U.S. diplomats in the Persian Gulf had been alerting their bosses to a splendid prospect for U.S. business, a chance to bid on the mammoth \$160 million dry dock that Dubai planned to build for tankers. Washington was so excited that it ordered the ways greased for cut-rate credits from the U.S. Export-Import bank.

"Dubai and its ruler, Sheik Rashid (Bin Said Al-Maktum) enjoy deserved reputation for high credit worthiness and financial integrity," Philip J. Griffin, the charge d'affaires in neighboring Abu Dhabi cabled Washington. But less than four weeks later, diplomats Howell and Griffin had to report there was to be no bidding. The huge contract had simply been given to a pair of British builders, Costain Civil Engineering, Ltd., and Taylor Woodrow (International), Ltd.

The U.S. envoys had forgotten the single most important material in Third World construction — graft. Or, in Howell's words, "baksheesh" and "kickback." Howell was careful not to say who had made the payoff. But the award to the British firms, he reported, was distinguished by a \$5 million to \$8.1 million "kickback" to Sayed Mohamed Mahdi Tajir, Ambassador

in London for the United Arab Emirates and "longtime adviser" to Sheik Rashid, the Dubai ruler.

Ambassador Tajir, moreover, had put in "a list of his approved sub-contractors, thereby raising the possibility that he can yet increase his take." In a report stamped "Confidential" at the time, Howell concluded that the episode "is highly instructive concerning the ins and outs of dealing in Dubai."

The deal and the report go back five years, to January 1973. The dry dock, a probable white elephant since another has been completed in Bahrain, is scheduled to be finished next year. What gives the affair its importance is the rare glimpse it affords, from an American diplomat's vantage, of how business is done in the Gulf and other Third World regions.

Howell's 800-word "Airgram" to State, filed as "Abu Dhabi A-14," surfaced here last November in *The Leveller*, a radical monthly. But its authenticity could not be established until the Freedom of Information Act was used to pry loose other documents in the dry dock file. Howell's "A-14" report is still being withheld by Sidney Sober, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, Bureau of Near Eastern and South Asian affairs. He cites the Freedom of Information Act provision that protects secrets "in the interest of national defense or foreign policy." But the dozen documents Sober has now released, the cross-references to the Dubai dry dock, and the citation of the file number "A-14" all testify to the validity of the copy that reached *The Leveller*.

A rueful Howell headed his account: "Contract Awarded for Dubai Dry Dock: It's How You Play the Game that Counts."

"It now seems apparent that there never was any intention of putting the scheme out to competitive tender," the apologetic Howell wrote. Taylor Woodrow had been tentatively given the entire job on January 6, 1973. But Ambassador Tajir in London was said to be "at least cool... it was rumored that his reserve was predicated upon his own failure to share in the baksheesh related to this giant undertaking."

A few days later, however, Tajir was "converted." A new award was made, making Costain a co-partner with Taylor Woodrow. "Tajir was apparently somewhat mollified by the estimated \$5-\$8.1 million that he will receive as a kickback." As for Costain, it is "very competent" but "its phenomenal success is probably not based on expertise alone. So far as we can determine, it has never undertaken a project such as the Dry Dock."

At Costain's, an outfit that does \$800 million worth of business a year, Chairman John Percival Sowden is outraged at the suggestion his company bribed its way into the dry dock. "We don't get our work that way," he said. "I'm not prepared to talk about it. We got our work in fair competition." But no bids were solicited, he was reminded. "There are other ways" to insure competition, he replied.

"I have no comment," Sowden continued, and threatened to hang up the telephone. "We have agents that represent us in all countries." Could a

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Costain agent have paid Tajir the bribe? "I'm not aware of any such payment being made. I'm putting the phone down."

Taylor Woodrow would not comment at all on the Howell report. Ambassador Tajir was said by an embassy aide to be out of London. He was invited, through the embassy, to submit any comment, but none has been forthcoming. If Howell was accurate, discretion has paid off for the am-

bassador. Howell's report said Tajir "has amassed a considerable fortune in the years since his arrival from Bahrein to serve as a customs clerk in Dubai. His current wealth is estimated by reliable financial sources at a minimum of \$15 million." That was more than five years ago.

When the project limps to completion next year, the costs will have doubled to more than \$300 million and the dock is likely to be a commer-

cial flop. Apart from the fact that Bahrein's dock is already repairing tankers in the Gulf, the mammoth Dubai project is built to accommodate outsized tankers that are disappearing

But this is unlikely to trouble Dubai's Sheik or the UAE Ambassador in London. The scheme illustrates a law of Third World procurement: Utility matters less than size. That is because the bigger the project, the greater the graft. ■

# Hustling free enterprise

## In search of a 'better America'

**Stan E. Jones**

**A**n advertising campaign which asserts that free enterprise is "a natural system that follows the common law of humanity" and "rewards those who work and compete in life and frowns upon those unwilling to justify their own existence" is being directed at radio listeners in Montana and ten other western and midwestern states.

It's called "Movin' On To A Better America" and is the brainchild of Ralph Harrison, a Denver management consultant and commercial production studio owner whose corporate clients include Blue Cross-Blue Shield, Adolph Coors Co., General Electric, General Motors, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, and *Time* magazine. The "Better America" campaign is sold to chambers of commerce in Montana, Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Colorado, and New Mexico at prices ranging from \$2,500 to

\$15,000, depending on the size of the market.

The sponsoring chamber receives fifty-two sixty-second "Better America" spots — one each week — from Harrison's studio, Great American Music Machine, Inc., and arranges for air time on local stations. Americans have become all too familiar with the propaganda campaigns extolling "free enterprise" sponsored by Mobil Oil, the private utilities, and various other monopolies, mostly through paid advertising channels. The special twist to the "Better America" messages is that many of them are broadcast on "public service" time.

The "Better America" spots began airing in April 1977 as public service announcements on the four AM radio stations here in Bozeman. The air time devoted to them, if purchased at the going commercial rate, would have cost the chamber more than \$37,000 in the course of the one-year renewable contract with Harrison.

The version of "free enterprise" presented in Harrison's spots tends to sound like the fiction of Ayn Rand. "A

company," according to one spot, "is a team of people who work together to play the game of Free Enterprise. . . . If your team plays well, you produce a good product, sell it, and you do well against the competition."

Those who have been finding Chevrolet engines under the hoods of their Oldsmobiles may be surprised to learn that "corporate conscience has been at work for many years here in our country, electing to tax itself to help others, giving of itself for the benefit of education of better workers, and providing leadership throughout the private communities of our country."

But Harrison is not blind to the flaws in the system. "One of the problems with freedom here in America," he says in another spot, "is that it gives to those who oppose freedom, the chance to speak against it. It's called freedom of speech and some have learned to use it well against the ways of democracy and Free Enterprise. . . . Beware of those who speak against America, for they are no better than cancer!"

And there are always the shiftless unemployed: "It doesn't bother some people to pick up an unemployment check because they don't have much of a conscience anyway. They'd rather not work if they can get away with it."

A program director at radio station KBOZ in Bozeman, when asked whether all this did not come under the purview of the Federal Communications Commission's fairness doctrine, acknowledged that it probably did. Although the program director went on to agree that someone with a different perspective would probably be entitled to free air time to respond, no one has yet come forward in Bozeman. ■

*Stan E. Jones is a free-lance writer in Bozeman.*



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# Mr. Housewife, U.S.A.

## A bittersweet anniversary

**Thomas J. Cottle**

**O**n April 18, George Hawkinson and his wife threw a party for several couples. George Hawkinson was celebrating an anniversary — one year out of work. His friends found it hard to believe that so much time had elapsed. Where had the time gone, they wondered, looking into the dark green eyes of the man some of them had known all their lives. “A year gets shorter and shorter the older you get,” he told them. “But no sadness tonight; tonight is celebration.”

It was celebration, too. The moment people began arriving, Betty and George Hawkinson brought out food. First trays of sandwiches and then a most exotic cheese dip, and salad and fruit. “Where’d you get the strawberries?” someone asked. “George found them,” Betty answered proudly. George turned away. The women in the room seemed amused by George’s ingenuity and “all his hidden talents.” The men said nothing. Some looked confused. One man thought he might laugh. He pretended he was choking. As everyone had suspected, the evening was shaping up to be a bizarre event.

There was no hiding the fact that the most talked-about people in Flintborough were George and Betty Hawkinson. Mere mention of their

name brought expressions of concern and bewilderment, as well as a few quips about the Hawkinsons’ “new life style.” “How are Mrs. and Mrs. Hawkinson?” someone inevitably asked when the family name was mentioned. “Haven’t seen her or her around much the last couple of months.”

The story of George Hawkinson is hardly unique. George himself was quick to say that thousands of men were in the same position. Always a husky boy, George grew up to be a very heavy and strong man. He was cut from the football team in his junior year because of poor grades, so he quit school early in his senior year and began hunting for work. The Splitteroff Construction Company was delighted to find such a strong young man as George, especially in the autumn. The company hired students during the summer and assigned them the most physically punishing jobs — which was fine for the boys because it got them into shape for athletics. But in September, when school reopened, the cheap labor market disappeared. George couldn’t have applied at a better time. He went to Phil Splitteroff on Monday to talk about jobs and began work Tuesday morning.

George offered to share his earnings with his parents, and for several months the Hawkinson family lived better than ever before. Young George came home exhausted from the heavy work at Splitteroff, but every other Thursday afternoon the paycheck arrived, and his mother excitedly went out shopping. She began buying foods she had only looked at in previous

years. The neighbors noticed that the Hawkinson house always smelled of cooking. The good food was a reminder of just how difficult the years had been before George’s job. The Hawkinsons even talked of moving to a slightly larger apartment.

**A**fter a year at Splitteroff, George Hawkinson heard from the Army. George reported for his physical examination, terrified he would be drafted. But the doctors discovered a congenital heart problem and gave him a deferment. Profoundly relieved, George nevertheless told everyone he had been deferred because he was the sole support of his family. If Splitteroff heard of the medical problem, he reasoned, the company might fire him, and jobs were hard to come by. Besides, it was almost time for a raise.

The years passed. Although only in their fifties, his parents were becoming increasingly ill. Anne Hawkinson died in her sleep when George was twenty-six. His father died less than a year later.

“If my father would have had a job all his life, he’d be alive this minute,” George said. “Wasn’t his strength that gave way. His *job* gave way and that took his strength away. Killed my mother, too. She was from the old days; she didn’t know how to live with unemployment. Her family wasn’t prepared for that. She said it herself. You could see she resented my father for not working, for not eating, for not dying too, probably, which would have given her fewer burdens.

“Here I go on talking like I was

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*Thomas J. Cottle is Distinguished Visiting Professor of Psychology at Amherst College and lecturer on psychology at the Harvard Medical School. His most recent books are “Private Lives and Public Accounts” and “Children in Jail.”*

some expert on family relations while the only important point I want to make about the whole thing is they did the best they could. I miss them both a great deal. No reason for either one of them to be gone. I blame *that*, too, on unemployment. That's what killed them. It wasn't going to get to me. I'm seeing to that. But it ate the two of them up. I guess even my working didn't stop the old killer, though, did it?"

Although George mourned his father's passing much as his father had mourned his mother's death, he took only two days off when his father died. He returned at once to his job, his strength sapped, but his intentions set on meeting his responsibilities. Something in him feared for the security of his job, although there was nothing at Splitteroff to even suggest cutbacks or layoffs. The economy was in trouble — no one questioned that. The building industry was feeling the recession, but Splitteroff Construction was holding up well. Still, George worked every day. The men expressed their sympathies, but knew they were wasting their breath telling this man to slow down.

At age twenty-nine, George Hawkinson married Betty Shelpton and moved his young bride into a charming three-bedroom apartment in one of the western suburbs. Less than a year after their marriage, George and Betty were fixing up one of the bedrooms with a crib and tiny chest of drawers. "It was too good to be true," George said. "If only my parents..."

Betty Hawkinson's plans for her family were working out perfectly. By age twenty-five she had given birth to her second daughter. Although she wanted a boy, she kept her pledge to have only two children. She also kept her pledge to return to secretarial work, although the return came earlier than she originally had planned. Jo-Anne was only a year and a half old, her sister Julie eighteen months older, when Betty received a superb offer from Burford Electronics. George wondered whether leaving children this young with a stranger was the best thing to do, but his protests were mild. He believed that women as well as men should work. And how could anyone question the additional amount of money Betty was bringing in? While

her salary hardly matched his, it made the difference between renting a lovely apartment and purchasing their own home — which they did during the week of Julie's third birthday.

Anyone could see that when Betty Hawkinson came home from work in the evening she was tired and not particularly excited by the prospect of preparing dinner. Anticipating her moods, George either had dinner under way by the time she arrived, or he greeted her at the door with the news that they were going out. The best part of Betty's life, she always said, was George.

George was reliable, dependable, kind, strong, and honest. Yet, for the sake of his family and particularly his job, he never divulged, even to his wife, the heart condition the draft board physicians had diagnosed.

The condition grew worse, however, and symptoms began to accumulate. George would open windows for air — certain rooms could never be ventilated enough for him — pause at the top of a staircase, or suddenly sit quietly as though he had just gone into a trance. Betty noticed the new behavior and asked him if he was in distress; the answer was always no.

For a long time, the men at work suspected nothing. To sit down for a brief rest was utterly normal. And if George Hawkinson did it three times a day, then the average worker did it twenty times a day.

As much as his health concerned him, the layoffs of men at Splitteroff troubled George more. The economy was slowing down and the building industry was taking the hardest blows. Men older than George working for other companies were laid off that winter. The next summer there were cutbacks in the number of new men.

**G**eorge Hawkinson saw the handwriting on the wall weeks before the notice came. He expected that Phil Splitteroff would write something personal, but the letter he opened was no different from what other men — some of whom had worked for Splitteroff less than six months — were receiving. At thirty-three, George Hawkinson was unemployed, the father of two little girls, and the husband of a woman whose own job was

quite secure. At first George seemed confident. With his insurance money and Betty's job, there was no reason why their lives would have to change. Mortgage payments on the house could be met and, while they would have to be cutting back, it wouldn't be all that bad.

"I'll make it. Hey, listen, a little vacation for me isn't bad. I can use the rest," George said. "I'll get to know my kids. I'm going to take over looking after Jo-Anne as much as I can. We'll go places. So I'll do more of the shopping, that won't kill me. And I'll clean inside the house instead of outside. And I'll cook. Instead of a meal

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## **'No one talked much about George's unemployment'**

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once a week, it'll be five meals or ten meals, or all the meals. So what's the difference?"

When pressed, however, he admitted, "All right, I'm a little uncomfortable sending my wife off to work every day. I'm a product of my culture. What do they want from me, I've never been out of the country. I don't do this from my own choosing. I want to work, outside my home, I mean. But if I'm unemployed, I'm unemployed.

"Society says there's one kind of work only. You must leave your home in the morning, and *travel* to your place of work, and you must *travel* home before dinner. You must do this five days a week, and they must be days Monday through Friday, and you must not have more than two or three weeks vacation a year, and you must get paid, and then what you do is called work. Being a housewife — or househusband — doesn't count. You don't leave the house, you don't have vacations, you don't get paid. So it doesn't qualify for work. But call it whatever you want, it's all I got going for me these days.

"When the insurance runs out, though, I better have a job, that's all I

can say. And I mean a job that everybody calls a job. She can keep working, but I've got to find something. When they change society around, I'll make different plans, but until that time, I'm from the old school: Men leave in the morning and come back at night with a paycheck in their hand. Makes me old-fashioned? Then I'm old-fashioned. And, I guess I'm heartbroken, that's sort of a play on words — heartbroken, I mean — if that doctor's machines were right."

The coronary attack that George Hawkinson knew was inevitable came nine months after he was laid off from work. It was a small attack, late on a Saturday afternoon, followed by a second and more serious attack that evening in the hospital.

George Hawkinson was hospitalized for four weeks. When he returned home, he was placed on a strict diet and exercise regimen. He followed his doctor's orders to the letter.

Meanwhile George and Betty Hawkinson's financial position was growing worse. The insurance George carried did not fully cover the hospital expenses, property taxes were being raised 10 per cent, and prices were slowly but perceptibly rising. Still the Hawkinson family had made what seemed to be a good adjustment to the serious circumstances confronting them.

"I'm not ever going to be well, really well I mean," George told a friend one day. "And my chances of finding work get worse every day. In a few years, if I keep going like this, I'm going to end up exactly like my father. But exactly.

"A week ago I was taking a nap, and I suddenly had this vision of my father alive and young, younger than I remembered him. He was a big man; he must have been big like I am when he was my age. But the unemployment, and the sickness, and the general doing nothing shrank him. I know that's true. The bigger I got the smaller he got. Sound crazy? I'm already fifty-five pounds lighter than I

was when I first went to work. And that's not even twenty years, so just imagine where that puts me when I'm fifty. I haven't measured my height, but I'll bet I've lost a full inch. Give me fifteen years, if I have that many left, and I'll be down another two inches.

"All this came to me in a sort of dream. I was half sleeping, but it's going to turn out to be true. I'm going to be small like him, shriveled up, complaining — a sick old man by the time I'm forty.

"I can't make it another six months like this. The hell with the neighbors and the idiots looking at me in the grocery store. I don't give a rat's ass for them. It's *me*. It's how *I* feel about me. I'm not going to become a housewife, no woman, nothing like that. I'm not dead, but I know the trouble. The trouble is that the rotten nine-to-five boredom routine we've invented called work, *that* affects who you are, what you are, how much you can love."

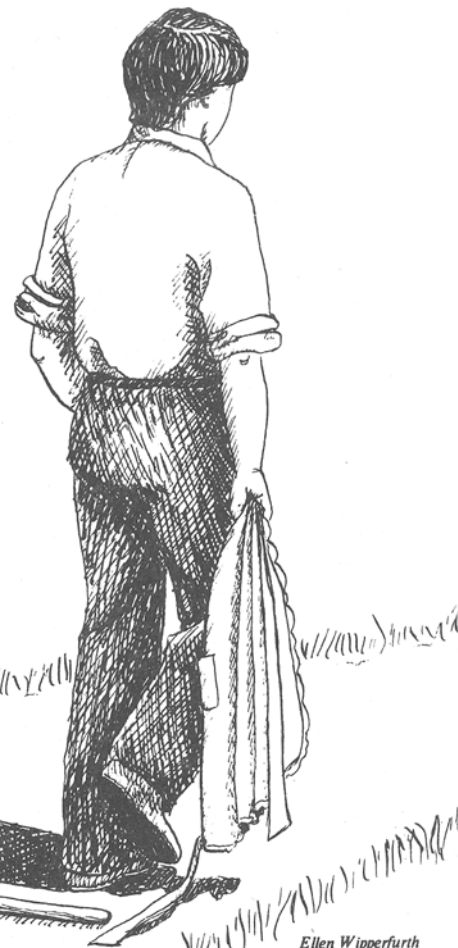
**T**he crowd at the anniversary party could not have enjoyed themselves more. No one talked much about George's unemployment, although everyone expressed delight at how well he looked. Later that evening some of the men told their wives how badly they felt for joking about George's being a househusband. His predicament was a trying one, and he was holding up well under the strain. Pretty damn well, they had to agree. He was a man, despite his being out of work, despite the sense of failure one inevitably associated with unemployment, despite the fact that he had to assume the role of baby-sitter and housekeeper. Unemployment made for an ugly picture, they said.

They are one terrific couple, the neighbors were still saying days later. How many of us, they wondered shame-faced, have even asked them over for dinner, a lousy hamburger

and salad dinner? We should be ashamed of ourselves to gripe about anything after seeing what's going on in that home. Damned ashamed, is what they said, and they made promises that starting now there were going to be changes. No more this treating the Hawkinsons like the plague because they — not George and Betty — might not wish to talk about their lives.

The pledges were kept. Friends rallied round. It mattered a great deal to George and Betty, more perhaps to Betty. It was hard to know exactly how George was taking the sudden change in the behavior of all these people. He knew the party had something to do with it, not that he and Betty had given the party for that reason. It was just hard to know him.

Six months after the party — a year and a half after he had been laid off work — George Hawkinson left home and never returned. He gave no warning, no explanations. His family has received no word from him in more than two years. ■



Ellen Wipperfurth

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# Deaths at Fort Jackson

## Covering up a cover-up?

**Bob Drogin**

**T**he U.S. Army hasn't faced a major attack since Vietnam. But the deaths in June of two eighteen-year-old recruits at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, after what the Army later acknowledged to have been "excessively strenuous and prolonged exercise," have sparked a Congressional investigation, an official Army inquiry, public scrutiny of Army training procedures, and deep embarrassment to Pentagon officials who have insisted that maltreatment and excessive discipline are things of the past.

The Army's response to the outcry has been predictable: conflicting stories and a lid of secrecy. Army officials have consistently denied a cover-up, but have refused to release details of what really happened. Major General John Blount, the base commander, has refused to talk at all.

The case involves the deaths of Wayne Krassow of Cygnet, Ohio, and Lester Watts of York, South Carolina. The two recruits arrived at their company area on June 29 to begin seven weeks of basic training the next day. Hours later, they were dead of cardiac arrest caused by heat stroke. They had not been in the Army long enough to be issued canteens.

Two drill sergeants have been charged with involuntary manslaughter, maltreatment, and dereliction. A formal Army investigation will determine whether a court-

martial is warranted, and each of the sergeants could each face up to eight-and-a-half years' imprisonment.

From the start, Army officials released wildly conflicting stories. They said, for example, that the temperature the night of the deaths was about eighty degrees; it was actually above ninety. They first said the recruits had not exercised because of the heat; they actually were put through at least thirty minutes of strenuous exercise. They first said neither recruit had any medical problems; Krassow actually fainted early in the day but was not treated, in violation of base policy. They first said the recruits were rushed immediately to the base hospital; they actually had collapsed almost an hour earlier.

The Army has also refused to comment on the account given to a reporter by four recruits who witnessed the deaths. They said the drill sergeants were punishing their platoon for being slow in getting off the "cattle car," a transport truck that delivered them to the company area. The recruits said the sergeants forced them to run several hundred yards with heavy duffle bags; crawl in sand; do jumping jacks, push-ups, and deep knee bends, and run in place for thirty to forty minutes — all in violation of base policy on punishment exercises.

Army officials say basic training, which last year produced 182,302 new soldiers for the standing Army of 774,000, has been significantly liberalized to attract volunteers since the draft ended in 1973. And they say Fort Jackson, the Army's largest

training camp with an average of 7,477 recruits, is a model training facility.

Training regulations are strict, at least on paper. They prohibit, for example, "arrogance, abusive language and the use of physical force" in dealing with recruits. A regulation prohibits calling recruits anything but "trainee," specifically excluding "dud," "eight-ball," "boy," "turkey," "farmer," and "honey." Other regulations limit exercises that can be used as punishment. But recruits say the rules are often ignored, and extra punishment is routinely required by zealous drill sergeants.

Five recruits have died during basic training at Fort Jackson this year alone. Pentagon officials say they don't know how many recruits were among the 130 Army men and women who died in duty-related incidents last year.

The House Armed Services Committee began an independent investigation into the deaths after Representative Delbert Latta, a conservative Republican who represents Krassow's northwest Ohio district, concluded the Army was not telling the truth. "I don't think the Army ought to be investigating itself," Latta said. "There probably will be some charges of cover-up."

But the Committee is now considering holding its hearings into the deaths and into training procedures behind closed doors, inviting possible charges that it is covering up a cover-up. ■

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*Bob Drogin is a reporter for The Charlotte Observer.*

# The radical heritage of W.E.B. DuBois

David R. Roediger

**THE CORRESPONDENCE  
OF W.E.B. DUBOIS.  
VOLUME III.**

**SELECTIONS, 1944-1963**

**Edited by Herbert Aptheker**

University of Massachusetts Press.  
512 pp. \$22.50.

**I**n 1931, an Atlanta University sophomore witnessed a lecture by W.E.B. DuBois. Unfamiliar with the professor's refined and understated oratorical style, the student sought out another Atlanta instructor, Saunders Redding, and confided, "The old man's finally lost his stride, hasn't he?" Redding, who wrote of the incident two decades later in a moving *American Scholar* portrait article, remarked, "I do not remember what I replied besides the simple negative but I do know that Dr. DuBois was not old then. He is not old now. . . . At eighty he has his hope and his dream, and his faith that one day truth will make men free."

This final volume of selections from DuBois's correspondence includes letters exchanged between his seventy-sixth year and his death at ninety-five. It confirms and extends the observations of Redding by reflecting the unfailing agility of DuBois's mind and the unflagging strength of his spirit. Because it covers so late a period in a long life — and a period during which the American government spared no effort to render DuBois a nonperson — this collection might have been expected to provide little more than a thin compilation of letters to and from an increasingly bitter, retiring, and

unaware elder statesman. Instead we are treated to the continuing insights of an unrivaled black scholar and activist. Moreover, despite age and the success of government repression in limiting his role in the civil rights movement, DuBois remained near the center of significant events in America and Africa.

The present volume, which proceeds chronologically, contains meaty correspondence with such world and national figures as Albert Schweitzer, Paul Robeson, Henry Wallace, Linus Pauling, Nehru, Dean Acheson, Dashiell Hammett, Sylvia Pankhurst, Sekou Toure, Merle Curti, and Kwame Nkrumah. Within each time period selections are grouped according to theme and are introduced by brief headnotes from the editor. Among the most important topics are: DuBois's brief and stormy return to the NAACP after World War II, the activities of DuBois (along with George Padmore and Robeson) in support of Pan-African liberation, the victimization of DuBois during the McCarthy witch hunts, and DuBois's decision, in his last years, to join the American Communist Party and to move to Ghana.

The *Correspondence* gives a better feel for the homefront of the Cold War than many secondary accounts. As DuBois continued to support the Progressive Party and other third-party candidates, and as he persisted in campaigning for peace and against colonialism, his troubles multiplied. Not only was he charged, at eighty-three, with being a "foreign agent" because of his connection with the Peace Information Center, but DuBois found passports

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*David R. Roediger, a graduate student in history at Northwestern University, has contributed articles on black history and related issues to Science and Society, Journal of Ethnic Studies, In These Times, and Southern Exposure.*

inaccessible, friends reticent, and publishers unresponsive.

It is in this hysterical atmosphere that DuBois's firm and deepening commitment to radical political positions, both nationally and internationally, takes on a special significance. Previous scholarship, including that of Elliott Rudwick, Francis Broderick, Harold Cruse, and others, has finessed the question of the old man's growing radicalism by attributing it to various combinations of age, isolation, and Communist duplicity. But the letters reproduced here indicate that such an interpretation will not long hold. Even those of us who fail to see American communism as the best vehicle for the expression of that radicalism will be impressed by the extent to which DuBois drew political conclusions with, as Robeson put it, "the whole world picture in focus." And we can hardly fail to note the contrast between DuBois's passionate involvement in African struggles and the parochial isolation of more moderate American civil rights leaders.

Herbert Aptheker's earlier editing has sometimes drawn fire for an alleged overemphasis on the political, to the exclusion of other matters. Such criticisms cannot apply to this volume. He chooses a good sampling of DuBois's cultural correspondence, including letters discussing DuBois's planning of his massive fiction work, *The Black Flame*, his reactions to a Dorothy Parker drama, and his thoughts on Richard Wright. Also prominent is correspondence with Langston Hughes, Carl Van Vechten, Arna Bontemps, Lorraine Hansberry, Meta Vaux Warwick Fuller, and an especially interesting exchange with the fascinating folklorist-novelist Zora Neale Hurston. Other letters, such as those from Oscar Lewis, Charles Wesley, Peter Abraham, Eric Goldman, Sterling Stuckey, and Merle Curti, reflect the sustained intellectual activity and influence of DuBois.

Finally, a few exquisite letters capture something of the style and the perception DuBois commanded. Not the least significant is a note to the sociologist Rayford Logan. DuBois, preparing to write a brief obituary of the pioneer black historian Carter G. Woodson, takes time to solicit Logan's

impressions and to ask, "...how did he play? Was he interested in baseball or football? Did he play cards...whist or poker? Did he like children...?" Inexhaustible curiosity shines through here, the curiosity of that rare scholar to whom nothing human is alien.

The third volume of the *Correspondence* will be indispensable to students of Afro-American history, of Pan-Africanism, and of the Cold War, but these engaging letters also have a broader appeal. Thanks to Aptheker's generally thorough and unobtrusive editing, to a handsome selection of illustrations, and, especially, to the quality of DuBois's insight, they deserve to win a wide audience. For many of us the *Correspondence* can provide a renewed (or a new) acquaintance with the DuBois heritage and with the repressive forces which too long obscured that heritage. If so, the selected correspondence is a fitting memorial to DuBois in the year marking the one hundred-tenth anniversary of his birth and the fifteenth of his death.

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## Africa on the move

### LET FREEDOM COME:

### AFRICA

### IN MODERN HISTORY

by Basil Davidson

Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown.  
431 pp. \$12.50.

For years, most Americans knew only the serene and savage Africa of wildlife films and the fantasy-Africa of Tarzan movies. Of the peoples of Africa — their history, cultures, and political struggles — we remained profoundly ignorant. For most of us, Africa was still the "dark continent."

In the past few years, however, Africa has been rediscovered by America, as African events and personalities have captured newspaper headlines and been the subject of countless television news reports. We have learned of the murderous, racist regime of Idi Amin in Uganda; the coronation of former French army sergeant, now Emperor, Bokassa I in the Central African Empire; the intervention of Cuban troops in various African coun-

tries; two abortive uprisings in Zaire's Shaba Province; the border war between Ethiopia and Somalia; Nigeria's economic "miracle"; massacres and counter-massacres in Rhodesia; the continuing struggle against *apartheid* in South Africa. The names of Stephen Biko, of Prime Minister John Vorster, or President Kenneth Kaunda no longer seem so strange to us.

All of these events (and people) bespeak an Africa in the throes of monumental conflict and change. Unfortunately, though many Americans now have some familiarity with current African affairs, few — including some top Government policymakers — have any deep understanding of the roots of present-day realities. For this reason, *Let Freedom Come* is an especially important and timely work.

Written by Basil Davidson, a British historian and novelist whose past works on Africa have won high critical acclaim, *Let Freedom Come* is a history of modern Africa, particularly the ideas and development of African nationalism during the Twentieth Century.

Because of restrictions imposed by Britain's Official Secrets Act, *Let Freedom Come* is a book that could not have been written before now. In it, Davidson explores the history of sub-Saharan Africa from the death throes of European imperialism to the birth pangs and often bloody adolescences of the newly independent African nations.

The territory Davidson has staked out for himself is a vast one. Its geographical limits are those of the continent itself, though under pressures of space the countries of southern Africa and the Arab states of north Africa are treated in less detail than the more central area of the continent. He writes from the assumption that the history of modern Africa has flowed organically out of Africa's earlier history and is not otherwise explicable. As Davidson explains, this point of view "sees the 'colonial period' not...as an episode but as an interlude of complex and often contradictory consequences, precisely because...imperialism did not operate in a vacuum but within the packed arena of ongoing African society."

Thus, while Davidson gives primacy to the African "side of the story," he also explains the European "side,"



again within its own contexts. For this reason, the African communities that eventually came under English, French, Belgian, German, Dutch, and Portuguese domination are discussed separately; likewise, those areas of Africa — primarily in the eastern and southern portions of the continent — which were settled by European colonists are treated separately from the areas that were simply administered and exploited.

There are, of course, many excellent general histories of modern Africa (not to mention histories of specific regions and countries) for the serious scholar. The massive *Cambridge History of Africa* (eight volumes) edited by R. Oliver and J.D. Fage comes immediately to mind. But for the general reader who wants to understand the historical, cultural, and political contexts in which today's African headlines have been generated, *Let Freedom Come* surely must be reckoned the best single-volume source of information available.

— PHILLIP WHITTEN

(Phillip Whitten, a long-time student of African affairs, is an educator and writer. His most recent book, "Race and Politics in South Africa," was published this year by Transaction Books.)

## After Tito, what?

### THE YUGOSLAVS

by Dusko Doder

Random House. 246 pp. \$10.

For twenty years junketing journalists have arrived in Belgrade asking, "After Tito, what?" That was my question on coming from gray, depressing Bucharest in October 1975. After Romania, Belgrade looked grand — brightly lit, fast-paced, and Western save for an occasional pantalooned Moslem woman scurrying along the streets. I phoned Dusko Doder, Belgrade correspondent for *The Washington Post*, and asked him the ritual question. He said, "Come over for lunch tomorrow. Djilas is coming." The two and a half hours of conversation with Djilas, a co-founder of Marxist Yugoslavia with Tito, and Doder

were stimulating. But I didn't get an answer to my question.

Now Doder, born in Yugoslavia in 1937 and an immigrant to the United States in the late 1940s, has written a book about his native land. *The Yugoslavs* is a personal book, weaving memories of his Yugoslav youth into the politics, economics, and culture he found on returning in 1973 for a three-year, Belgrade-based stint as *The Post's* chief correspondent in Eastern Europe.

Doder doesn't really answer the question, either. But he comes closer to spelling out why there isn't any readier answer than I or any other journalist or academic have. For in this relatively short and highly readable book, Doder has picked up the story of the South Slavs where Rebecca West left off in *Grey Lamb and Black Falcon* and has brought it up to 1978.

"Yugoslavia today is a country without an ideology," Doder writes. "A hardening antipathy to communism of the Soviet type coexists with a rather widespread acceptance of socialism, but socialism of the type practiced in Sweden. Apart from a general commitment to socialism, Titoism was long ago reduced to a set of practical policies — independence, non-alignment, self-management, market socialism, and an open borders policy. This in fact is Tito's legacy."

For twenty-two million Yugoslavs — not quite a nation because of the intense nationalism of the component Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Albanians, Macedonians, and Montenegrins — it is an impressive legacy. Under Tito's fairly paternalistic dictatorship, this borderland between the East and the West has prospered, coming to enjoy most of the fruits of Western life except one: freedom. Yet even here Doder equivocates, as well he should, for the Yugoslavs have relatively more freedom than any other communist nation. And Doder is an expert; he not only speaks Serbo-Croatian but has traveled in the other Eastern bloc countries and worked as a correspondent in Moscow in the 1960s.

Doder balances tales of the old Yugoslav blood feuds with a detailed account of Yugoslavia's curious turn to industrial self-management, a concept that has its roots more in political necessity than in economics. At any

one time, he points out, a million Yugoslavs are doing the hard work Austrians, West Germans, Swiss, and other westerners don't want to do, sustaining their nation's balance of payments and creating an irresistible pull toward the "better life" of the West's consumer-oriented societies.

In his chapter on Tito — "Rebel Who Became Uncrowned King" — Doder sums up the marvelous contradictions in the life of a man who has trod the world stage longer than anyone else in the Twentieth Century. (Indeed, Tito's life would make a fascinating movie script, perhaps entitled "After Tito, What?")

Doder has compressed dozens of character sketches and pointed anecdotes which capture Yugoslavia's complexities. "I am happier than I ever was before, even when I was in power," Djilas told Doder. And even though he suffered — Djilas was jailed from 1956 through 1966 for his apostasy from Titoism — it is clear that Djilas remains a vital intellectual force in his homeland. I was entranced by one of Doder's throwaway lines in light of the recent elevation of Stane Dolanc, fifty-two, to the new, powerful post of secretary-general of Tito's League of Communists. Dolanc today is considered Tito's heir-apparent because Edvard Kardelj, Tito's closest surviving collaborator still in power, is sick and old. In discussing the "checkered backgrounds" of some of Tito's present inner circle, Doder notes that Dolanc "belonged as a teen-ager in Nazi-occupied Slovenia to the Hitler Jugend." That's all. No tsk-tsking. It isn't Doder's style. The point is made.

Doder asks the right geopolitical questions, the kind that self-styled experts mull at the State Department. But he reveals his private sensitivities, too, and that gives *The Yugoslavs* an extra dimension and extra value. He writes: "I considered myself at home in Yugoslavia, and yet I knew that it could never be my home. The people and ideas which had framed my view of the world were not there."

I have a few quibbles with Doder's publisher. Editors allowed occasional journalese to slip through Doder's manuscript, and proofreaders fell asleep over typographical errors. But in this book Doder has done a superb job

of reporting, synthesizing his and Yugoslavia's experience into a volume I wish I could have written. Doder's editor, Ben Bradlee of *The Washington Post*, ought to dispatch him back to Belgrade to follow up on that haunting question, "After Tito, what?"

— WILLIAM STEIF

(William Steif is a Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.)

## A Sicilian American

### AN ETHNIC AT LARGE: A MEMOIR OF AMERICA IN THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES

by Jerre Mangione

Putnam. 378 pp. \$12.50

"English was forbidden in our home — for reasons of love," writes Jerre Mangione. "Afraid of losing communication with their own flesh and blood, my parents, who spoke only Sicilian, insisted we speak their tongue, not the one foreign to them." From early on, Mangione felt that he would lead a double life, one as the son of Italian immigrants in Rochester, New York, and the other as a writer and outsider in the larger American society.

In *An Ethnic at Large*, Mangione tells the story of his first thirty-five years, many of which were spent trying to escape from the "melancholy" of his Sicilian relatives. It was a melancholy made all the more powerful by the fact that his father, a pastry maker, was a failed suicide whose own father had drowned himself one Christmas Eve in the Mediterranean. For all that, Mangione made his break in the best American fashion — he went away to college (Syracuse University) and then to New York where he had the experiences of many young writers: a brief stint at *Time*, six years of book reviewing for *The New Republic* and other journals, and low-level jobs in a bookstore, a college, and a publishing house.

He found the Greenwich Village of the 1930s fairly "sober," but still home for many eccentrics such as Joe

Gould and Maxwell Bodenheim and fertile ground for sexual hijinks. Mangione, a willing participant, describes his liaisons in far more detail than most readers will care to know. Sundays were different. On Sunday evenings the older Italian men of the Village would smoke their stogies, play checkers, and kibitz in Washington Square Park. "A surprising number of them were Sicilians," Mangione recalls, "and I would sometimes wander from one cluster to another listening to the poetry of their speech and thinking fondly of my Rochester relatives." Five years in New York gave him a higher regard for his family's "warm and easy acceptance of life," despite their constant concern for him and their hope that he would marry a "nice Sicilian girl."

In the Village of the early Depression years, Mangione fell into "the noisy distractions of the left-wing world," writing anti-fascist articles and reviews for *New Masses* and other magazines and befriending Carlo Tresca, the labor agitator, and others. There followed a trip to Sicily under Mussolini, then a series of New Deal jobs, the most interesting as national coordinating editor of the Federal Writers' Project, whose story Mangione has recounted brilliantly in *The Dream and the Deal*. He also worked in public relations with the Alien Internment Program of World War II, to which he devotes an interesting chapter. Along the way he stole enough time to complete his first book, *Mount Allegro*, about his Sicilian family, which was published in 1943.

All of this is told in an engaging, mild-mannered narrative which focuses not so much on Mangione as on the writers, artists, and bureaucrats about him. Anecdotes abound. However, they provide few insights into personalities of the day: Mangione, after all, was a newcomer, and self-consciously so at that. That these recollections do not rise above the level of literary chitchat is a mark, one feels, of Mangione's preoccupation in these years with finding his voice and identity — a search that would end only when he could openly embrace both America and his Sicilian heritage.

Time no doubt helped make that possible, but Eleanor Roosevelt also

appears to have played no small part. Mangione dined twice at the White House during his New Deal days, once as a weekend guest, and his deep regard and affection for Mrs. Roosevelt emerge strikingly: "She had an instinctive wisdom about human nature and a zest for life that warmed my heart. In her presence, I liked being an American, and did not feel like an outsider. Her basic values, I was convinced, were not unlike those of my parents."

Perhaps the most revealing aspect of Mangione's memoir is unstated — that his ethnicity mattered more to him throughout these years than to anyone else. Mangione comes close to saying so when he concludes, "That I had managed to hold my own in the American mainstream struck me as something of a miracle but one which I could in part attribute to a growing awareness of my own worth...."

By his own account, Mangione's Italian ancestry was never held against him by employers (members of his

## Apparel for the skeptical

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family, however, had less fortunate experiences), and even the government investigations which included him (notably one by the Dies Committee of the Writers' Project) did not involve his ethnic background. The problem, of course, was no less real for being a matter of self-perception, and it could be resolved only through the realization that there was enough room for Mangione to straddle both the Sicilian clan in Rochester and the rest of America.

One wishes this resolution were played out a bit more fully and clearly; perhaps Mangione should have told us more about the attractions of his family. Failing to let us share the inner turmoil of these years, he has made *An Ethnic at Large* a readable but unremarkable account of one young writer's experiences over two decades.

— JOSEPH BARBATO

(Joseph Barbato has contributed to *Newsday*, *Change*, and *Smithsonian*.)

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## Adventures in self-discovery

**VIOLET CLAY**  
by Gail Godwin

Alfred A. Knopf. 324 pp. \$10.

**ALTERED STATES**  
by Paddy Chayefsky

Harper & Row. 184 pp. \$8.95.

A number of novels spawned by the women's movement have focused on growth out of oppressive or inadequate relationships; instead, Gail Godwin has chosen for her subject the options on the far side of such political and sexual emancipations. In *The Odd Woman* (her last novel), she examined with intelligence and wit the question of how an attractive, single, professional woman achieves a sense of purpose and integrity in a life style that is not altogether willed. *Violet Clay* extends those themes adroitly, as Godwin poses the relationship between independence and talent.

Though the novel opens with the protagonist's assertion, "I am a painter," Violet Clay's retrospective

story reveals that it has taken the ten years of her life between twenty-three and thirty-three to affirm her vocation. An orphan from South Carolina, reared by her paternal grandmother following her father's death in the war and her mother's grief-motivated suicide, Violet attends a conventional boarding school, marries and divorces without clear emotional motivations, and flees to the fabled New York of starving garret artists to launch her career as a painter in earnest. There she quickly discovers that survival and sacrifice are not particularly romantic. To her chagrin, she ends up doing cover illustrations for Gothic romances, presumably to support herself until the right break comes along.

The model for such concessions to her eventual career is her much-admired and sole living relative, Uncle Ambrose. Handsome, debonair, and sixteen years her senior, Ambrose Clay is an aspiring novelist who, having published one successful novel, has since diffused his ambition by writing magazine journalism. Violet's near-idolatry of his worldly life, and the parallels between their careers, come to a shocking end with Ambrose's suicide in a remote cabin in the Adirondacks, where he had gone to concentrate his energies on serious writing after years of escape.

What makes Violet's own progress so absorbing is that the novel opens into an inner detective story: what led to Ambrose's disillusionment and ultimate defeat? Violet pieces together the circumstances of his life, slowly determining the lesson in it for herself as she confronts her own inner demons and illusions — her fears of failure and of total dedication to uncertain artistic potentialities. Other compelling characters contribute to her self-discovery, including Milo, a writer of Gothic romances who communicates with the spirit of his dead mother (and who ultimately breaks through to richer imaginative ground of his own); Sheila, a fiction editor who had loved Ambrose and invented his reciprocal affection; and especially Samantha, an uneducated woman living near Ambrose's cabin who shows Violet the real meaning of self-sufficiency and inspires her to see her own emotional crutches.

In examining the deeper anxieties

accompanying the pursuit of any true vocation, Godwin gives an artful if occasionally cerebral portrait of the difficult route toward autonomy. The story of Violet's growth as a painter resonates for any person concerned with the balances between security and risk, between the limits and the inspiration of one's deepest dreams; between settling for too little and demanding too much of oneself. As Violet faces her inner resources in the reflected image of her uncle's puzzling life, she refers to the "shape-shifting" creations or discoveries of any life: those crucial transformations of personality that not only express the essential self but that, by translating potentialities into actual expression, propel one toward deeper actualization.

While Paddy Chayefsky's novel *Altered States* is quite unlike Godwin's in tone, pace, and emphasis, it too is concerned with "shape-shifting." Violet Clay seeks the intangible truths of consciousness as confirmation of her artistic vocation; Eddie Jessup, the ambitious, monomaniacal scientist of Chayefsky's first novel (he has written numerous plays and film scripts) seeks that same point: consciousness of the "original self," but in the form of "a real, mensurate, quantifiable thing, tangible and incarnate."

During his postgraduate research in physiology, Jessup accidentally stumbles upon the convergent phenomena of mind-altering experiences, as manifested through hallucinogenic drugs, sensory deprivation, Zen meditation, and schizophrenia. Readers conversant with John Lilly's experiments with isolation tanks and sensory deprivation, R.D. Laing's descriptions of the schizophrenic journey, Fritz Hofstadter's explanation of the tao of physics, and other authorities in the vanguard of consciousness research, will recognize the territory and will acknowledge Chayefsky's impressive synthesis of information from depth psychology, quantum mechanics, neuroanatomy, molecular biology, archaeology, and several other disciplines. (The scientific terminology occasionally intrudes.) Jessup pursues his discoveries experimentally with increasing obsessiveness and disregard for scientific caution,

combining immersion in an isolation tank with ingestion of a rare hallucinogen that has the capacity to materialize regressions in time-space.

It would spoil the story to divulge the particulars of Jessup's ultimate trip other than to say that, Faust-like, he launches a quest for total knowledge of being which generates a dramatic consummation as it circles back upon itself. Despite the somewhat trite figure of the "mad" scientist who shuns emotional involvement in his passion for the truth, *Altered States* is riveting, sophisticated science fiction, convincingly extrapolated from known facts.

In the interests of plot, tautness, and surprise, Chayefsky skimps on the subtler nuances of character and feeling in which the more ruminative *Violet Clay* excels. Yet both novels pose imaginative paths into the maze of consciousness: the diverse shape-shifting experiences that define our humanness.

—ROBERTA RUBENSTEIN

(Roberta Rubenstein is an associate professor of literature at The American University. Her book, "The Novelistic Vision of Doris Lessing," will be published early in 1979.)

## Music of ferment

### **WATERMELON WINE: THE SPIRIT OF COUNTRY MUSIC** by Frye Gaillard

St. Martin's Press. 236 pp. \$10.

The burgeoning popularity of country music and its cross-fertilization with other forms of American song has loosed a flood of books purporting to explain what country is all about. Some of these volumes are scholarly attempts at musical history, others are slick pastiches of media hype, still others are ghost-written autobiographies or collections of fan-magazine flattery. With few exceptions, the books are as thin and stale as leftover hoecake. When they are aimed at the industry's fan market, as most of them are, they tend to lack any semblance of criticism or interpretation; when they are meant to

be serious and scholarly, they usually turn out to be simply dull.

*Watermelon Wine*, Frye Gaillard's thoughtful journalistic examination of country music, is neither uncritical nor uninteresting. Somewhere between the press agent's liner notes and the professor's footnotes, Gaillard has plowed a deep, rich furrow of heretofore fallow ground. The result is a good book for serious fans, scholars, students, and

practitioners of country pickin' and singin'.

Gaillard was a Nashville magazine writer in 1974 when he got his first assignment to write about music. Over the next three years, his casual interest in the subject became an intense pursuit. What intrigued him most was the creative tension between continuity and change in the individuals and institutions in the forefront of country

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music, and that spirit of ferment is the dominant theme of his book.

Beginning and ending in Nashville, the vortex of country creativity for half a century, Gaillard wanders into the hills and mountains of Appalachia, the back streets of Memphis and Macon, and the beer halls of Austin to pick up the threads of sound that make contemporary country music the dynamic force it is. He writes about the "tradition-minded rebels," from Hank Williams to Waylon Jennings; about country's kinship with the many strands of folk music; about the integration of blacks and the blues with country; about the substantial contribution of women to the music; about religion as a source and force of country strength; about Willie Nelson and the Austin action; and about southern rock, from Elvis Presley to Charlie Daniels and the Allman Brothers. And at every stop along the way, he finds and focuses upon the yeasty ferment, the tugging contradiction, between what the music has been and what it is becoming.

"The tension between tradition and change has become a creative,

dominating force in country music," Gaillard writes, "just as it has shaped the lives of the people who listen." But the consequences, he adds, are not all favorable: as a result of the growing popularity of country music, "a high-pressure industry has grown up to produce it, and it finds itself caught up in the modern, all-American rush toward faddism and mass production."

In the inevitable struggle that has developed between those who seem fearful and inflexible in the face of all change and those who seem unappreciative of any traditions in the music, it may be that both camps are losing to a third force arising between the two. That, at least, appears to be Gaillard's belief — and certainly his hope — for the musicians and entertainers he writes about most are those whose work resonates with the blended strengths of the past and present.

Thus, Johnny Cash emerges as a paramount figure in the evolution of country music, a man who has unfailingly honored the oldest and purest, even as he has embraced and incorporated the unorthodox talents of such performers as Bob Dylan, Kris Kristofferson, and Ray Charles. Earl Scruggs and Willie Nelson are singled out for their contributions at the creative center where traditional and contemporary country music now meets and mixes, and the works of more than a dozen modern songwriters are cited for their universal and timeless qualities.

Gaillard is especially respectful of the lyrics of what he considers to be country music at its best; an appendix to the book contains the complete lyrics of fifty-five old and new country songs. One of these is *Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine*, the Tom T. Hall classic from which the book's title is taken. There also are more than forty photographs. (Unfortunately missing, though, is an index.)

*Watermelon Wine* is an examination of an indigenous American art form in the throes of change. It is both appreciative and critical, as any respectable book on the subject would have to be — and precious few are.

— JOHN EGERTON

(John Egerton is a free-lance writer in Nashville.)

## Novelist as radical

**JAMES T. FARRELL:  
THE REVOLUTIONARY  
SOCIALIST YEARS**  
by Alan M. Wald

New York University Press. 190 pp.  
\$15 hardcover; \$4.95 paperback.

James T. Farrell, long neglected, has begun to gain attention again. The publication of his latest novel reminded critics that he had been writing serious fiction longer and more productively than almost anyone. Next season his most famous work, *Studs Lonigan*, will be dramatized on television. And now we have *James T. Farrell: The Revolutionary Socialist Years*, by Alan M. Wald, the first of what should be a string of books dealing with this remarkable figure. Though Farrell's reputation will always rest on his fiction, he has been, among other things, a critic, a fighter against censorship, and a political activist. It is the last role which interests Wald, a young literary scholar. This is because Farrell was no political dabbler but a dedicated socialist for more than two decades.

Farrell made a number of important contributions to radical politics. He was a leading spokesman for the Trotskyist intellectuals and a leader in several key episodes. He helped organize and was a member of the Dewey Commission that found Trotsky innocent of the Stalinist charges against him. Farrell headed up the fund drive on behalf of Trotskyist union leaders who in 1941 became the first victims of the infamous Smith Act. He was a frequent contributor to *Partisan Review*, especially at first when it was a struggling anti-Stalinist journal in need of help from established writers.

All this provides rich opportunities for the literary historian, and Wald has taken advantage of them. He establishes that Farrell played a central role in the battles waged by, and among, the left-wing intellectuals of the 1930s and 1940s. This has never been properly appreciated until now. Wald makes interesting connections between Farrell's politics and his art during this period. He points up the great integrity Farrell displayed throughout. Farrell made mistakes. He himself later decided that his failure to support the

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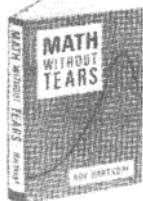
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American effort in World War II was one of them. But whether right or not, Farrell was always honest and straightforward, unafraid of the truth even when it went against his beliefs. More than that, he was willing to change those beliefs when events seemed to disprove them. As a political man Farrell was tough and sometimes unfair, but he was never disingenuous and never took the easy way out. Nor did he, unlike so many others, give up on democracy. Farrell has earned our respect many times over.

Alan Wald does a good job of setting all this out, though the book has a few weaknesses. It is stiffly written and humorless, as political books tend to be. Wald is too uncritical of Trotsky and of Trotskyism as a political philosophy. The shortcomings do not lessen the value of the book. It makes clear at last Farrell's place among the left-wing intellectuals of the 1930s and 1940s. It extends our knowledge of the anti-Stalinist Left as a whole. Wald's *Farrell* is essential reading for everyone interested in the history of literary radicalism.

— WILLIAM L. O'NEILL

(William L. O'Neill, professor of history at Rutgers, wrote "Coming Apart: America in the 1960s." His new book, "The Last Romantic: A Life of Max Eastman," will be published this autumn.)

## Books Briefly

**THE STAR THROWER**, by Loren Eiseley. Introduction by W.H. Auden (Times Books. 319 pp. \$12.50). Naturalist, anthropologist, archeologist, and poet, Loren Eiseley was gifted, too, with literary imagination. In this final collection of essays, published a year after his death, there is a reading feast of some earlier essays in *The Immense Journey* and *The Unexpected Universe* and many previously unpublished. The glories and perils of science, glacial rhythms, the quirks of animals, and man's evolution: wherever Eiseley's attention focused, he brought a trained eye and a sense of

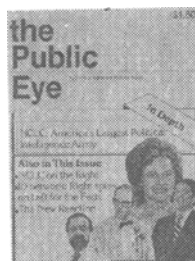
the "interlinked complexity of life." Even more important, he maintained a sense of wonder at the natural world and man's fleeting role in it.

**INNOCENT ERENDIRA AND OTHER STORIES**, by Gabriel Garcia Marquez (Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Harper & Row. 183 pp. \$8.95). This uneven collection of short stories by Colombian writer Gabriel Garcia Marquez was written between 1947 and 1972, and that range allows the reader an interesting insight into the development of a talented writer. There are certain constants throughout: all of the stories are an eerie mix of the real and the fantastic; conscious corpses, innocent whores, and others who are victims of their own passivity pop up continually. The style changes completely from the earlier stories to the later ones. The early stories are vague, complicated, and abstract; they consist mainly of the stream of consciousness of someone on the edge of psychosis — bizarre, but boring. The best of the more recent ones is the title story about a young girl who is forced to become a whore by her tyrannical grandmother after accidentally burning down her house. The two traipse around the countryside with an alabaster angel and the remains

of the girl's father and grandfather, in search of business. This and the other more recent stories are full of action and colorful characters, and are told with the simplicity and power of good poetry. They are still bizarre, but far from boring. An interesting book in that it is a reminder that good writers aren't always born that way.

**IN PATAGONIA**, by Bruce Chatwin (Summit Books. 205 pp. \$8.95). Most readers probably haven't heard of Patagonia since they read W.H. Hudson's *Idle Days in Patagonia*. In this delightful travel book a young Englishman recounts both his own adventures in the southern tip of South America and the tales he heard from an odd assortment of people, many of whom were exiles, outlaws, or eccentrics. In brief episodes he captures an encounter or an overnight stay with a stranger. Two longer reports are the most fascinating, one about the legendary Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid and Etta who escaped there, and one about the incredible experiences of a remote cousin, seaman Charley Milward. Why did Chatwin go to Patagonia, where he endured discomfort, gross food, and exhaustion? After reading about the lethal effects of the cobalt bomb, Chatwin recalls, he

# THE PUBLIC EYE



\*The premier issue provides an analysis of the NCLC and the *Information Digest*. Fall, 1977.

\*Vol. 1, No. 2 concentrates on COINTEL-PRO, surveillance of anti-nukes, and the national police computer network. April, 1978.

\*Vol. 1, No. 3 looks at the "new" right. July, 1978.

## THE PUBLIC EYE

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"made plans to settle in some far corner of the earth. We pored over atlases. We learned the direction of prevailing winds and the likely patterns of fallout. . . we fixed on Patagonia as the safest place on earth. I pictured a low timber house with a shingled roof, caulked against storms, with blazing log fires inside and the walls lined with the best books, somewhere to live when the rest of the world blew up."

Instead, Chatwin is now back in Europe and is reportedly writing a book about Brazil.

**CORPORATE POWER AND URBAN CRISIS IN DETROIT**, by Lynda Ann Ewen (Princeton University Press. 312 pp. \$17.50). Ewen presents the history of Detroit as a rebuttal to the Horatio Alger view of American opportunity. She believes that class conflict, not individual initiative or entrepreneurial genius, is the hallmark of Detroit's development; her book is generously footnoted with quotations from Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Her analysis is strongest in documenting the interlocking web of wealthy families who own the city's corporate giants, but the chapters on labor and social reform movements offer little new information and much unsubstan-

tiated rhetoric. While her strict class analysis oversimplifies many urban woes, it completely neglects other central aspects of American life. She never discusses the role of the middle class, and women of all classes are barely mentioned at all.

**FINAL PAYMENTS**, by Mary Gordon (Random House. 297 pp. \$8.95). This is an absorbing and disturbing novel about the "dangers of pleasure." Isabel Moore gave up her life for eleven years to take care of her invalid father, a man for whom she felt little affection. When she was finally free of his demands, she became overwhelmed with guilt over her newfound happiness and violation of the Commandments. She then retreats to her old role as martyr, this time to nurse an ungrateful and bitter old woman, chosen solely because the woman would test Isabel's commitment to charity. A powerful indictment of Catholicism, the novel demonstrates how easily the church's teachings can provoke emotional crises. *Final Payments* is an old-fashioned morality play with a new twist: the heroine finds no peace in self-sacrifice and ultimately returns to society again to risk sin and fulfillment.

**FEMINISM AND SUFFRAGE: THE EMERGENCE OF AN INDEPENDENT WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IN AMERICA 1848-1869**, by Ellen Carol DuBois (Cornell University Press. 200 pp. \$12.50). This limited history of the first U.S. women's movement focuses on its underside: the nearly futile search for a wide-based constituency, rampant racism and elitism, and internal conflicts on tactics and alliances. Although it is written in a dry, almost turgid style, *Feminism and Suffrage* provides important insights into the difficulties faced by early organizers, most notably Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in developing interest and support for the suffrage movement. The demand for suffrage, a "stepsister" to the abolitionist and labor movements, might have remained weak had not a few privileged women made it their lifework. One can only speculate whether their "suffrage first" tactics were more divisive than effective at that time, but there is surely a lesson for the current women's movement to be learned from this type of organizing, which is graphically described and annotated.

**SELECTED STORIES**, by V.S. Pritchett (Random House. 332 pp. \$10). Looking for a perfect book for a vacation or plane trip? Take this one. Pritchett is a master storyteller whose confidence, developed over decades of writing, enables him to create a perfectly structured, intriguing tale with memorable characters. This collection of fourteen of his previously published stories includes the best of his many tales, and they contain a wide variety of character, setting, and plot.

**MADMEN MUST**, by William Jovanovich (Harper & Row. 229 pp. \$8.95). This novel concerns the rites of passage from adolescence to manhood, and it has the pace of a short story. The vocational and amorous adventures of a young Serbian American in California are reminiscent of the innocence and romantic melancholy of Lawrence Clark Powell's recent novella, *The Blue Train*. Jovanovich's prose is deceptively spare; the reader gets to know and sympathize with young John Sirovich and his friends and enemies and would like to know even more of his adventures.

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# LETTERS

## 'Sideshow politics'

I enjoyed reading your July editorial, "Sideshow Politics," which seemed to express my own sentiments. So, after reading Morris Rubin's outburst in the August issue, I thought I had better go back and check whether I had been conned. I hadn't.

Rubin's argument rests mainly on his implication that you would abolish the electoral process. But what you actually say is that it makes little difference who is elected — a different matter. For example, Rubin says, "Coalitions for what...?" Coalitions, obviously, to induce the incumbent to do as you wish so that you will (he hopes) vote for him and not for his opponent. *He* believes in the electoral process even though we don't. Tweedledum still wants to be re-elected even though we are unable to distinguish him from Tweedledee.

We can excuse Rubin a little intemperance after all those decades of enforced editorial moderation. But it is a bit much to cite against Herbert Hoover his denunciation of Franklin Roosevelt's measures. What else is expected of the opposition? If Hoover had been re-elected the pressure of events would probably have forced him to adopt many of the same measures.

C.K. Stedman  
New Denver,  
British Columbia

Morris H. Rubin's comment on *The Progressive's* editorial of July 1978 left me befuddled. His reply is nothing but an apology for the past and the present. My memories of the last forty years are quite different from his. Franklin D. Roosevelt didn't come to the rescue of the little guy. When the banks failed, my parents were lucky to get back ten cents on the dollar.

I don't recall any dust bowl farmers being saved by Government programs. They hit the road — jalopies, furniture, kids, and wives.

Yes, thousands of small homeowners were saved by FHA mortgage insurance — but only to save the banking system from collapse.

From FDR on, this country has been on a military spending spree. That is where we still are today, and will be for the foreseeable future.

Rubin should skip the clichés and get down to the politics of issues, not men. I wonder why he left Nixon out of his list of men to be deified. The electoral process is slow and painful, and someplace along the way it got stuck in the mud.

Tillie Smith  
Redding, California

I am glad I am only a recent subscriber to *The Progressive* and have not had to suffer through seventy years of "progressive" policy which Morris Rubin pines for in the August issue.

Although I have always been intensely involved in political activity, I was proud to abstain in the last Presidential election. I would have to agree with you that it is "highly dubious" that it makes any difference who is elected. The large numbers of people who stay away from the polls in droves seem to demonstrate that many concur in this evaluation.

Rubin argues that to be able to choose between the lesser of two evils is a choice, but that is no choice at all for a free man. I think it is a great disservice to ourselves and to others to continue to legitimize, by participation at the polls, this closed system, and to falsely imply by our action that this is the meaning of "freedom" or even "democracy."

The electoral process does, in fact, provide us no real means of examining and

acting on the crucial questions which confront us as a people — issues such as the sharing of the common wealth, ownership of property, living in harmony with the natural world, peace, and the proliferation of weapons of war. Issues can be examined only within a limited context, as defined by those who control the economic, political, and communication systems. There is no opportunity to deal with anything outside of this restricted sphere in any serious manner or extent.

Rubin still believes that through the presently ordained system of "democracy" through electoral politics we can solve our myriad ills and help "the jobless, the hungry, and the sick." Why haven't the benevolent and wise governors we have elected done it up to now?

We do not have a legitimate democracy and cannot. The machine — the nation state — is quite simply too big, too complex, and too centralized.

Tom Boswell  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Morris H. Rubin's response to the July 1978 editorial, "Sideshow Politics," is the most unrealistic letter *The Progressive* has ever published.

Rubin praises the "electoral process." The electoral process includes purchased votes, votes of dead persons, vote count fraud, persons voting several times the same day, and a host of other election-winning "irregularities." Faith in a corrupt electoral process is faith misplaced.

Rubin also spares no expense in praise of democracy. However, he has confused the theory and idealism of democracy with American democracy in practice. American democracy is, or has been, Prohibition, eminent domain laws, blue laws, Indian genocide, political imprisonment, slavery (political and economic), Jim Crow laws, poll tax, vote fraud (which negates

democracy), Nisei concentration camps, misuse of the IRS, CIA, and FBI for illegal and/or political purposes, violent discrimination, and the like; the list is lengthy.

Would Rubin be so supportive of democracy at any cost if the majority voted to exterminate Jews, or Catholics, or Baptists? American democracy is just so much brummagem, without minority rights and strict adherence to those rights. Faith in mob rule (subject to modern-day propaganda) is faith misplaced.

Rubin's gypsy speculation about past elections is just that.

In 1976 there was no basic difference between Gerald Ford and Tergiversator Carter. Had the electoral process provided the electorate with any means of examining and acting upon questions that ought to be at issue — Gene McCarthy would probably be our President. But the electoral process is a closed society, designed to perpetuate those who are in power.

R.J. Zani  
Springfield, Missouri

I have for many years been grateful to Morris H. Rubin, but never more so than when I read his letter concerning the editorial comment, "Sideshow Politics," in the July *Progressive*. I had read that editorial with profound shock, feeling that I must be reading *U.S. News and World Report* or even *National Review*.

Dorothy De Zouche  
Berea, Kentucky

## Labor and the Left

Robert Musil's interesting review of *Crisis on the Left* in the August issue conveyed the idea that the late Hubert Humphrey favored concentration camps for certain left radicals. While Humphrey was instrumental in the passage of the Communist Control Act of 1954, he was among the few Senators who filibustered against the Internal Security Act of 1950 (also called the McCarran Act). It was this latter act that established concentration camps.

John George  
Edmond, Oklahoma

I would like to dissent from Robert K. Musil's remarks in his book review, "Toll of the 1950s," in the August issue, about the "effects of the witch hunt on labor, especially militant unions like Mine Mill and the United Electrical Workers." The fact is that from June 22, 1941, when the Soviet Union involuntarily got into World War II, until the end of that war, these two "militant" unions, and at least nine others like them under Communist leadership, were the most abject servants of capital in the history of American labor. They were for the no-strike pledge, the little steel formula, the job freeze, a labor draft (not consummated), and the Smith Act. From the cry "The Yanks Are Not Coming," which they raised in September 1939 (after the Nazi-Soviet pact launched the Nazi-Soviet invasion of Poland), they switched to "Everything for Victory, Open up a Sec-

ond Front," after Russia was attacked in 1941. Everything, they said, must be sacrificed for victory, and they had only scorn for the "equality of sacrifice" that some unions called for.

It is also strange that Musil, in his account of Smith Act victims, fails altogether to note that the first eighteen persons convicted under the act were not members of the Communist Party, but their enemies, the Trotskyists of the Socialist Workers Party and Minneapolis Teamsters' Union. And guess who yelled the loudest in approval of their conviction? It was those "militant" C.P.-dominated unions, and the *Daily Worker*. In those days, the leading red-baiters were the Communists themselves, and they helped fashion their own noose, not only then, but later by helping elect Senator Joseph McCarthy to the Senate. The Wisconsin CIO, then under Communist domination, denounced McCarthy's opponent, Robert M. LaFollette Jr., son of the founder of your magazine, as a traitor, Quisling, and fifth columnist for having opposed the war previous to Pearl Harbor (as the C.P. also did before Russia was attacked) and provided the margin of victory for McCarthy.

The C.P. lost their labor base after the war not so much because of a witch hunt as the fact that workers who saw their interests subordinated for years to the gyrations of Soviet foreign policy decided that they had had enough.

Virgil J. Vogel  
Northbrook, Illinois

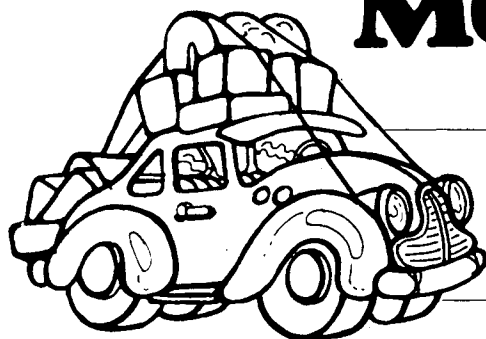
Robert Musil replies:

Virgil Vogel is correct that the Communists supported the no-strike pledge during World War II. They thought it would help win the war and build labor strength; it did. Few unions were militant during the war; the Communists were certainly not alone in supporting the no-strike pledge. But, whatever the merits of labor's and the Communists' World War II strategy, Mine Mill, UE, and others were militant before and after the war, the period under review.

It is precisely the Communist Party's and other militants' end to labor peace and opposition to Truman's foreign policy after the war that helped launch a combined business and government purge of labor. Whatever his disagreements with Communist labor policy, Vogel should recognize by now that the jailing of Mine Mill's Maurice Travis, Clinton Jencks, and the eventual jailing of nine other leaders, the blacklisting of the union's excellent film *Salt of the Earth*, and other harassment helped reduce Mine Mill membership from 300,000 to 100,000 after the war.

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Similarly, UE was attacked through a combination of efforts stemming from GE's President Boulware, HUAC, and others. In the end, the influence of all labor in electronics was hurt. Worse, a purged labor movement fell in after the war with the worst of Cold War policies.

Vogel is correct to condemn the Communists' well-known failure, alone on the Left, to denounce the Smith Act convictions of Trotskyists. Similarly, there is indeed irony in CP opposition to the progressive and pro-labor LaFollette which helped the primary victory of Joseph McCarthy. Vogel should not neglect, however, the role of the right-wing American Action and other conservative forces in electing McCarthy over his Democratic opponent in the fall.

John George is also correct that the late Hubert Humphrey both helped to pass the Communist Control Act of 1954 and filibustered against the Internal Security Act of 1950 which established concentration camps for radicals. George fails to put the facts in context, however. It was Senator Humphrey who proposed S. 4130, the concentration camp measure, as an alternative to the McCarran Act. However, Humphrey's bill was merely *incorporated into* the McCarran Act, which passed the Senate 51 to 7. Humphrey voted *in favor* of it and concentration camps. Only after President Truman vetoed the Act did Humphrey belatedly join forces with the original seven liberal opponents in an obviously futile attempt to override.

What both Vogel and George seem to miss, whatever their disagreements with Communists on labor and foreign policy, is that their persecution over the years has not received the attention, outrage, and condemnation from liberals and progressives that it should have.

Robert K. Musil  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## Terrorism

I have seldom seen a stranger mixture of misplaced sentimentality, shoddy political rhetoric, and spurious logic than in *The Progressive's* editorial on the Moro affair, "Coping with 'Terrorists'" (July 1978). No one, contrary to what the editors and Carl Rowan claim, has ever argued that terrorism will go away if governments refuse to deal with it. The sole question is this: What are the implications for democratic government, or what remains of it, if a government does bend to the threat of illegitimate force? The editorial downplays the fact that the price for Moro's release was the release of other terrorists by assuring us that "released prisoners can be

rounded up." But nothing in the performance of the Italian police leads one to be sanguine about the celerity with which that would be accomplished. And what credibility would a government have in dealing with future acts of terrorism if it reneged on its first bargain with the terrorists? *The Progressive*, if it is going to misstate opinions contrary to its own in this fashion, has the affirmative obligation to show us just how terrorism will go away if the state does choose to treat with it.

*The Progressive* goes on to imply that blame for Moro's death rests primarily on the Italian government, the act of the Red Brigades apparently being excusable by the fact that they had no personal interest in their captive. The editors suggest in their concluding paragraph that the act of the Brigades pales by the side of "those larger, less visible, and more pervasive forms of official terrorism" — so much less visible that the editors are apparently incapable of verbalizing just what those terroristic "actions and inactions [of the Italian regime] over thirty years" really are. But the lowest point in this deplorable exercise is in the placement of hygienic quotation marks around the word "terrorists." The reason is obvious: the editors have bought the Red Brigade definition of blame — lock, stock, and barrel. Some of us, however, continue to hold the doubtless naive view that Aldo Moro was killed by a group of terrorists, and that it is they who are primarily responsible for the debasing of human life. Or is that reasoning too simplistic for the faddish authoritarian Left which, up to now at least, I had assumed *The Progressive* did not represent?

Lawrence Poston  
Oak Park, Illinois

I was nauseated and angered by the July "Coping With 'Terrorists.'" Now I know what "bleeding-heart" means to me. I agree that most terrorist causes originated from injustice, but many of those terrorists seem to be hoodlums attracted to the violence. The Italian Red Brigades murdered Moro, no matter what noble cause they claim to be supporting. Murder is wrong, because people are not the means to any end.

As a total feminist, I know full well how societies, cultures, governments, and people can oppress groups, and I am angry and bitter about the outrages my sex has suffered and still suffers and will suffer in the future. Women have died or been maimed by sexism. But there is no excuse for violence against people, even if "they" are doing it to "us." I would not hesitate to kill a man trying to rape or assault me, because that is simple self-defense, and I

would fight soldiers from another country who invaded America, because that is also self-defense; I am not totally non-violent.

There should be more negotiating with hostage-takers and less macho shoot-'em-up. I think Entebbe and other such situations were applauded because many of us believe that giving into terrorists leads to more terrorism — of course one success leads to another. But my moral absolute is that murder is wrong and we should do our best to defuse violence without giving in to the violent.

Andi Bartczak  
West Haven, Connecticut

## Gumball freedom

In the comment "Scapegoating Homosexuals," in the August issue, you liken those of us who disagree with you about the Nazi free speech issue to those who deny constitutional rights to homosexuals. The super-liberal mind functions like a chewing gum machine: you insert a coin and to no one's surprise a gumball comes out. The term "freedom of speech" never fails to conjure a shining countenance ringed by a bright halo.

You say that we who would deny free speech to Nazis are motivated by "a mounting feeling of fear" — that we "wave the specter of the Holocaust." But some fears are sensible. Is the Holocaust a "specter" or six million real dead bodies? Didn't the philosophy of Nazism win a great victory in the marketplace of ideas only recently, in a country as civilized as ours? No matter; the gumball rolls right out of the machine.

Martin Buber, the wisest and kindest of men, considered the Nazis to have placed themselves outside the human family. Your writer would lump this conviction together with the bigotry of anti-homosexuals.

Arthur Steig  
Lakewood, New Jersey

The gay movement is talking about the need for a constitutional amendment to protect the rights of homosexuals. Some civil libertarians are discussing the possibility of a constitutional amendment to protect the rights of illegal aliens. Women are still pushing for an amendment to protect *their* rights. It seems, sadly, as though this country has decided that it is permissible to ignore a group's guaranteed constitutional liberties unless the group can muster enough votes to ratify an amendment to stop them.

Ruth Tzakias  
Cleveland, Ohio

# THE MART

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## Weekends for sale

**John Buell**

**A**MF, the sports products conglomerate, proudly proclaims in its advertising that it "makes weekends." The boast strikes me as both arrogant and unfounded. There is some evidence to suggest that there were weekends before there were conglomerates, and I can certainly recall having weekends in my life before I ever heard of AMF or its products.

The company says it "makes weekends" by selling me — and you, and all of us — Ben Hogan golf clubs, Harley-Davidson motorcycles, Voit balls, and an immense array of other gear designed to liberate us from the tedium of the workaday world. That the workaday world is tedious for most people goes without saying — and companies like AMF flex their well-toned corporate muscles to keep it that way. But AMF does promise intermittent relief: If we will just buy its recreational wares, we will be free — at least on weekends.

I can attest it doesn't necessarily work that way. When I left home to attend graduate school in New York City, my parents presented me with a soccer ball, but it made no weekends for me: I could find neither playing fields nor players. I tried dribbling the ball around the quad at Columbia University, but these solitary practice sessions turned out to be as tedious as my weekday labors at the nearby library.

But then my liberation came — not by way of AMF or its ball, but through a group of Puerto Rican youngsters. One day, as I was jogging along a walkway above Riverside Park, I heard some young voices shouting in Spanish, and discovered a soccer

game. The players were barefoot, and their ball was old and battered. I watched for a while, and then asked — in the formal Castilian Spanish of the university world — whether I could play. My interest in them and their game probably helped more than my measured Spanish, but I became a regular in the group — and its poorest

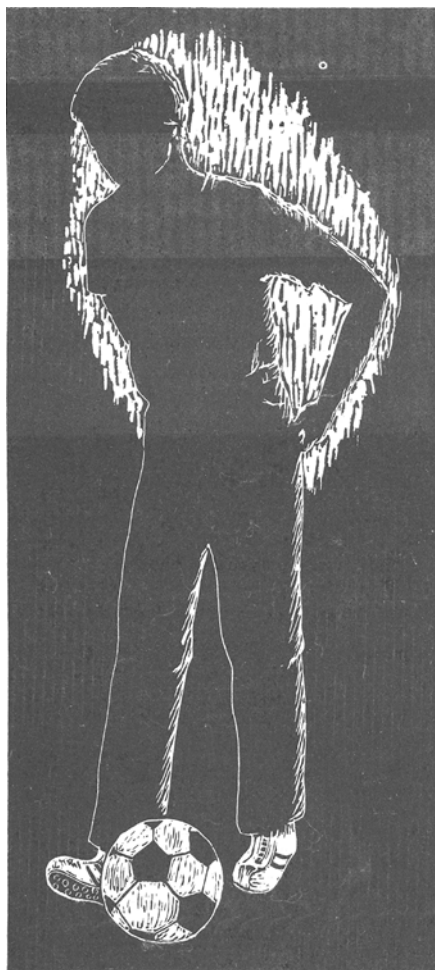
player. My teen-aged friends were outstanding players. Many of them had grown up playing by the hour in parks in Puerto Rico.

I contributed my new ball to the game, and it helped — but one ball was quite enough. If every kid brought his own, the game would have been no better. All we really needed was one ball and a decent place to play. In the neighborhood where I now live, every other youngster owns a glossy ball that is rarely used. They bring them to their games or practice sessions and stash them in a bag beside the bench while they play.

We had no benches at Riverside Park, and our goals were old and rickety, but the play was both proficient and lively. A barefoot kid could pass the ball half the length of the field to teammates who could trap and shoot with equal skill. Older players would push and unmercifully foul some of the younger ones — and also occasionally teach them something. Games often ebbed and flowed for an hour or more, with periodic pauses only for animated disputes about which side had driven the ball out of bounds.

My shiny shoes protected me from some of the small stones on the sandy playing field but they never helped me dribble past my barefoot opponents.

I see the AMF ads and think of those children of a soccer culture, whose joys were made possible by a public park, an old ball, a sense of community, and skills handed down from old to young. If AMF could market all this, it would really "make weekends." But it doesn't, and it can't. So it just makes profits. ■



Ellen Wipperturli



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